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Dramatic writings.

EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS

Edited by John S. Farmer

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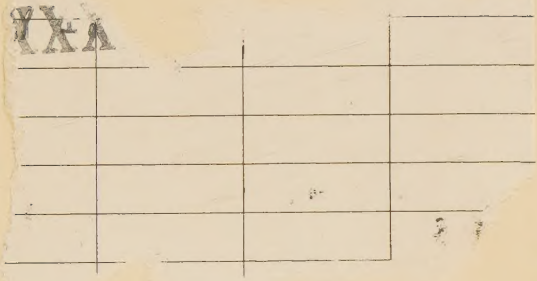

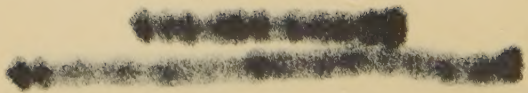

Early English Dramatists

THE DRAMATIC WRITINGS OF NICHOLAS UDALL

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Early English Dramatists

The Dramatic Writings of NICHOLAS UDALL

COMPRISING

Ralph Roister Doister—A Note on Udall's Lost Plays—Note-Book and Word-List

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

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RALPH ROISTER DOISTER

By NICHOLAS UDALL

[1550]

Dramatis Personae:

Ralph Roister Doister

Matthew Merrygreek, his Friend

Gawin Goodluck, a London Merchant, betrothed to Custance

Tristram Trusty, a Friend of Gawin Goodluck

Dobinet Doughty } Servants of Ralph
Harpax }

Tom Truepenny, Servant of Custance

Sim Suresby, Servant of Gawin Goodluck

A Scrivener

Dame Christian Custance, a wealthy Widow, betrothed to Gawin Goodluck

Madge Mumblecrust, an old Nurse of Dame Custance

Tibet Talkapace } Maids of Dame
Annot Alyface } Custance

Time: About two days (i. 1. p. 36*c*)

Scene: Probably London (ii., 4)

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

THE PROLOGUE.

What creature is in health, either young or old,
But some mirth with modesty will be glad to use,
As we in this interlude shall now unfold?
Wherein all scurrility we utterly refuse;
Avoiding such mirth wherein is abuse:
Knowing nothing more commendable for a man's recreation,
Than mirth which is used in an honest fashion.
For mirth prolongeth life, and causeth health;
Mirth recreates our spirits, and voideth pensiveness;
Mirth increaseth amity, not hindering our wealth;
Mirth is to be used both of more and less,
Being mixed with virtue in decent comeliness,
As we trust no good nature can gainsay the same:
Which mirth we intend to use, avoiding all blame.
The wise poets long time heretofore,
Under merry comedies secrets did declare,
Wherein was contained very virtuous lore,
With mysteries and forewarnings very rare.

Such to write neither Plautus nor Terence did spare,
Which among the learned at this day bears the bell:
These with such other therein did excel.
Our comedy or interlude, which we intend to play,
Is named Roister Doister indeed.
Which against the vain-glorious doth inveigh,
Whose humour the roisting sort continually doth feed.
Thus, by your patience, we intend to proceed
In this our interlude by God's leave and grace—
And here I take my leave for a certain space.

FINIS.

ACTUS I., SCÆNA 1.

MATTHEW MERRYGREEK.

[*He entereth singing.*

As long liveth the merry man (they say),
As doth the sorry man, and longer for a day.
Yet the grasshopper, for all his summer piping,
Starveth in winter with hungry griping:
Therefore another said saw doth men advise,
That they be together both merry and wise.
This lesson must I practise, or else ere long,
With me, Matthew Merrygreek, it will be wrong.
Indeed men so call me; for, by Him that us bought,

Whatever chance betide, I can take no thought.
Yet wisdom would that I did myself bethink
Where to be provided, this day, of meat and drink:
For know ye that, for all this merry note of mine,
He might appose me now that should ask where I dine.
My living lieth here and there, of God's grace,
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that place;
Sometime Lewis Loiterer biddeth me come near;
Somewhiles Watkin Waster maketh us good cheer;
Sometime Davy Diceplayer, when he hath well cast,
Keepeth revel-rout, as long as it will last;
Sometime Tom Titivile keepeth us a feast;
Sometime with Sir Hugh Pie I am a bidden guest;
Sometime at Nichol Neverthrive's I get a sop;
Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsop;
Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydoddy's sleeve;
But this day on Ralph Roister Doister's, by his leave.
For truly of all men he is my chief banker,
Both for meat and money, and my chief shoot-anchor.
For, sooth Roister Doister in that he doth say,
And require what ye will, ye shall have no nay.
But now of Roister Doister somewhat to express,
That ye may esteem him after his worthiness,

In these twenty towns, and seek them throughout,
Is not the like stock whereon to graff a lout.
All the day long is he facing and craking
Of his great acts in fighting and fray-making:
But when Roister Doister is put to his proof,
To keep the Queen's peace is more for his behoof.
If any woman smile, or cast on him an eye,
Up is he to the hard ears in love by and by:
And in all the hot haste must she be his wife,
Else farewell his good days, and farewell his life!
Master Ralph Roister Doister is but dead and gone,
Except she on him take some compassion.
Then chief of counsel must be Matthew Merry-greek!
What if I for marriage to such an one seek?
Then must I sooth it, whatever it is;
For what he saith or doth cannot be amiss.
Hold up his yea and nay, be his nown white son,
Praise and rouse him well, and ye have his heart won;
For so well liketh he his own fond fashions
That he taketh pride of false commendations.
But such sport have I with him, as I would not lese,
Though I should be bound to live with bread and cheese.
For exalt him, and have him as ye lust indeed;
Yea, to hold his finger in a hole for a need.
I can with a word make him fain or loth;
I can with as much make him pleased or wroth;

I can, when I will, make him merry and glad;
I can, when me lust, make him sorry and sad;
I can set him in hope, and eke in despair;
I can make him speak rough, and make him speak fair.
But I marvel I see him not all this same day:
I will seek him out. But lo! he cometh this way—
I have yond espied him, sadly coming,
And in love, for twenty pound, by his gloming!

ACTUS I., SCÆNA 2.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER. MATTHEW MERRYGREEK.

Roister. Come death, when thou wilt; I am weary of my life.
Merrygreek. I told you, I, we should woo another wife. [*Aside.*
Roister. Why did God make me such a goodly person?
Merrygreek. He is in by the week; we shall have sport anon. [*Aside.*
Roister. And where is my trusty friend, Matthew Merrygreek?
Merrygreek. I will make as I saw him not; he doth me seek. [*Aside.*
Roister. I have him espied, me-thinketh; yond is he;
Ho! Matthew Merrygreek, my friend, a word with thee.

Merrygreek. I will not hear him, but make as I had haste. [*Aside.*

Farewell, all my good friends, the time away doth waste;

And the tide, they say, tarrieth for no man.

Roister. Thou must with thy good counsel help me, if thou can.

Merrygreek. God keep thee, worshipful Master Roister Doister,

And farewell, thee, lusty Master Roister Doister!

Roister. I must needs speak with thee a word or twain.

Merrygreek. Within a month or two I will be here again— [all.

Negligence in great affairs, ye know, may mar

Roister. Attend upon me now, and well reward thee I shall.

Merrygreek. I have take my leave, and the tide is well spent.

Roister. I die except thou help; I pray thee be content.

Do thy part well now, and ask what thou wilt;

For without thy aid my matter is all spilt.

Merrygreek. Then to serve your turn I will some pains take,

And let all mine own affairs alone for your sake.

Roister. My whole hope and trust resteth only in thee.

Merrygreek. Then can ye not do amiss, whatever it be.

Roister. Gramercies, Merrygreek! most bound to thee I am.

Merrygreek. But up with that heart, and speak out like a ram;

Ye speak like a capon that had the cough now:
Be of good cheer; anon ye shall do well enou'.
Roister. Upon thy comfort, I will all things well handle.
Merrygreek. So, lo! that is a breast to blow out a candle.
But what is this great matter, I would fain know?
We shall find remedy therefore, I trow.
Do ye lack money? ye know mine old offers:
Ye have always a key to my purse and coffers.
Roister. I thank thee: had ever man such a friend?
Merrygreek. Ye give unto me: I must needs to you lend.
Roister. Nay, I have money plenty all things to discharge.
Merrygreek (*aside*). That knew I right well when I made offer so large.
Roister. But it is no such matter.
Merrygreek. What is it, then?
Are ye in danger of debt to any man?
If ye be, take no thought, nor be not afraid;
Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paid.
Roister. Tut! I owe nought.
Merrygreek. What then? fear ye imprisonment?
Roister. No.
Merrygreek. No; I wist ye offend not so, to be shent;
But, if ye had, the Tower could not you so hold,
But to break out at all times ye would be bold.

What is it? hath any man threatened you to beat?

Roister. What is he that durst have put me in that heat?

He that beateth me, by His arms, shall well find

That I will not be far from him, nor run behind.

Merrygreek. That thing know all men, ever since ye overthrew

The fellow of the lion which Hercules slew.

But what is it then?

Roister. Of love I make my moan.

Merrygreek. Ah, this foolish a love! wil't ne'er let us alone?

But, because ye were refused the last day,

Ye said ye would ne'er more be entangled that way:

I would meddle no more, since I find all so unkind.

Roister. Yea, but I cannot so put love out of my mind.

Merrygreek. But is your love, tell me first, in any wise

In the way of marriage, or of merchandise?

If it may otherwise than lawful be found,

Ye get none of my help for an hundred pound.

Roister. No, by my troth, I would have her to my wife.

Merrygreek. Then are ye a good man, and God save your life!

And what or who is she, with whom ye are in love?

Roister. A woman whom I know not by what means to move.

Merrygreek. Who is it?

Roister. A woman yond.
Merrygreek. What is her name?
Roister. Her yonder.
Merrygreek. Whom?
Roister. Mistress—ah—
Merrygreek. Fy, fy for shame!
Love ye, and know not whom? but *her yond! a woman!*
We shall then get you a wife, I cannot tell when.
Roister. The fair woman that supped with us yesternight—
And I heard her name twice or thrice, and had it right.
Merrygreek. Yea, ye may see ye ne'er take me to good cheer with you:
If ye had, I could have told you her name now.
Roister. I was to blame indeed, but the next time perchance—
And she dwelleth in this house—
Merrygreek. What, Christian Custance?
Roister. Except I have her to my wife, I shall run mad.
Merrygreek. Nay, unwise perhaps; but I warrant you for mad.
Roister. I am utterly dead unless I have my desire.
Merrygreek. Where be the bellows that blew this sudden fire?
Roister. I hear she is worth a thousand pound and more.
Merrygreek. Yea, but learn this one lesson of me afore:
An hundred pound of marriage money, doubtless,

Is ever thirty pound sterling, or somewhat less;
So that her thousand pound, if she be thrifty,
Is much near about two hundred and fifty—
Howbeit, wooers and widows are never poor.

Roister. Is she a widow? I love her better therefore.

Merrygreek. But I hear she hath made promise to another.

Roister. He shall go without her, and he were my brother.

Merrygreek. I have heard say, I am right well advised,
That she hath to Gawin Goodluck promised.

Roister. What is that Gawin Goodluck?

Merrygreek. A merchantman.

Roister. Shall he speed afore me? Nay, sir, by sweet Saint Anne!
Ah, sir! Backare, quod Mortimer to his sow:
I will have her mine own self, I make God a vow;
For, I tell thee, she is worth a thousand pound.

Merrygreek. Yet a fitter wife for your maship might be found;
Such a goodly man as you might get one with land,
Besides pounds of gold a thousand and a thousand,
And a thousand, and a thousand, and a thousand,
And so to the sum of twenty hundred thousand—
Your most goodly personage is worthy of no less.

Roister. I am sorry God made me so comely, doubtless;

For that maketh me each where so highly favoured,
And all women on me so enamoured.
Merrygreek. Enamoured, quod you? have ye spied out that?
Ah, sir, marry! now I see you know what is what.
Enamoured, ka? marry, sir! say that again;
But I thought not ye had marked it so plain.
Roister. Yes, each where they gaze all upon me, and stare.
Merrygreek. Yea, malkin! I warrant you, as much as they dare.
And ye will not believe what they say in the street,
When your maship passeth by, all such as I meet,
That sometimes I can scarce find what answer to make.
Who is this? (saith one) Sir Launcelot du Lake?
Who is this? Great Guy of Warwick? saith another.
No (say I), it is the thirteenth Hercules brother.
Who is this? noble Hector of Troy? saith the third:
No, but of the same nest (say I) it is a bird.
Who is this? great Goliah, Sampson, or Colbrand?
No (say I), but it is a brute of the Alie land.
Who is this? great Alexander? or Charlemagne?
No, it is the tenth worthy, say I to them again:
I know not if I said well—
Roister. Yes, for so I am.

Merrygreek. Yea, for there were but nine worthies, before ye came.
To some others, the third Cato I do you call;
And so, as well as I can, I answer them all.
Sir, I pray you, what lord or great gentleman is this?
Master Ralph Roister Doister, dame (say I), i-wis.
O Lord (saith she then), what a goodly man it is!
Would Christ I had such a husband as he is!
O Lord (say some), that the sight of his face we lack!
It is enough for you (say I) to see his back;
His face is for ladies of high and noble parages,
With whom he hardly 'scapeth great marriages—
With much more than this and much otherwise.
Roister. I can thee thank, that thou canst such answers devise:
But I perceive thou dost me thoroughly know.
Merrygreek. I mark your manners for mine own learning, I trow;
But such is your beauty, and such are your acts,
Such is your personage, and such are your facts,
That all women, fair and foul, more and less,
They eye you, they lub you, they talk of you, doubtless;
Your pleasant look maketh them all merry:
Ye pass not by, but they laugh, till they be weary;
Yea, and money could I have, the truth to tell,

Of many, to bring you that way where they dwell.

Roister. Merrygreek, for this thy reporting well of me—

Merrygreek. What should I else, sir? it is my duty, pardè.

Roister. I promise thou shalt not lack, while I have a groat.

Merrygreek. Faith, sir! and I ne'er had more need of a new coat.

Roister. Thou shalt have one to-morrow, and gold for to spend.

Merrygreek. Then I trust to bring the day to a good end.

For as for mine own part, having money enou',
I could live only with the remembrance of you—
But now to your widow, whom you love so hot.

Roister. By Cock! thou sayest truth, I had almost forgot.

Merrygreek. What if Christian Custance will not have you, what?

Roister. Have me? yes, I warrant you, never doubt of that—
I know she loveth me, but she dare not speak.

Merrygreek. Indeed! meet it were somebody should it break.

Roister. She looked on me twenty times yesternight,
And laughed so—

Merrygreek. That she could not sit upright?

Roister. No, faith! could she not.

Merrygreek. No, even such a thing I cast.

Roister. But for wooing, thou knowest, women are shamefast.

But, and she knew my mind, I know she would be glad,
And think it the best chance that ever she had.
Merrygreek. To her, then! like a man, and be bold forth to start:
Wooers never speed well that have a false heart.
Roister. What may I best do?
Merrygreek. Sir, remain ye awhile [here];
Ere long one or other of her house will appear—
Ye know my mind?
Roister. Yea, now hardily let me alone.
Merrygreek. In the meantime, sir, if you please, I will home,
And call your musicians; for in this your case
It would set you forth, and all your wooing grace,
Ye may not lack your instruments to play and sing.
Roister. Thou knowest I can do that—
Merrygreek. As well as anything.
Shall I go call your folks, that we may show a cast?
Roister. Yea, run, I beseech thee, in all possible haste.
Merrygreek. I go. [*Exeat.*
Roister. Yea, for I love singing out of measure,
It comforteth my spirits, and doth me great pleasure.
But who cometh forth yond from my sweetheart Custance?
My matter frameth well; this is a lucky chance.

ACTUS I., SCÆNA 3.

MADGE MUMBLECRUST *spinning on the distaff.* TIBET TALKAPACE *sewing.* ANNOT ALYFACE *knitting.* R. ROISTER [*behind*].

Mumblecrust. If this distaff were spun, Margery Mumblecrust—

Talkapace (*interrupting Madge*). Where good stale ale is, will drink no water, I trust.

Mumblecrust. Dame Custance hath promised us good ale and white bread.

Talkapace. If she keep not promise, I will beshrew her head:

But it will be stark night, before I shall have done.

Roister (*aside*). I will stand here awhile, and talk with them anon;

I hear them speak of Custance, which doth my heart good;

To hear her name spoken doth even comfort my blood.

Mumblecrust. Sit down to your work, Tibet, like a good girl.

Talkapace. Nurse, meddle you with your spindle and your whirl.

No haste but good, Madge Mumblecrust; for whip and whur,

The old proverb doth say, never made good fur.

Mumblecrust. Well, ye will sit down to your work anon, I trust.

Talkapace. Soft fire maketh sweet malt, good Madge Mumblecrust.

Mumblecrust. And sweet malt maketh jolly good ale for the nonce.

Talkapace. Which will slide down the lane without any bones. [*Cantet.*

Old brown-bread crusts must have much good mumbling;

But good ale down your throat hath good easy tumbling.

Roister (*aside*). The jolliest wench that ere I heard! Little mouse!—

May I not rejoice that she shall dwell in my house?

Talkapace. So, sirrah! now this gear beginneth for to frame.

Mumblecrust. Thanks to God, though your work stand still, your tongue is not lame.

Talkapace. And though your teeth be gone, both so sharp and so fine,

Yet your tongue can renne on pattens as well as mine.

Mumblecrust. Ye were not for nought named Tib Talkapace.

Talkapace. Doth my talk grieve you? Alack, God save your grace!

Mumblecrust. I hold a groat ye will drink anon for this gear.

Talkapace. And I will pray you the stripes for me to bear.

Mumblecrust. I hold a penny ye will drink without a cup.

Talkapace. Whereinsoe'er ye drink, I wot ye drink all up.

Alyface (*entering*). By Cock! and well sewed, my good Tibet Talkapace.

Talkapace. And e'en as well knit, my nown Annot Alyface.

Roister (*aside*). See what a sort she keepeth, that must be my wife!

Shall not I, when I have her, lead a merry life?

Talkapace. Welcome! my good wench, and sit here by me just.

Alyface. And how doth our old beldame here, Madge Mumblecrust?

Talkapace. Chide and find faults, and threaten to complain.

Alyface. To make us poor girls shent to her is small gain.

Mumblecrust. I did neither chide, nor complain, nor threaten.

Roister (*aside*). It would grieve my heart to see one of them beaten.

Mumblecrust. I did nothing but bid her work, and hold her peace.

Talkapace. So would I, if you could your clattering cease;

But the devil cannot make old trot hold her tongue.

Alyface. Let all these matters pass, and we three sing a song;

So shall we pleasantly both the time beguile now,

And eke despatch all our works, ere we can tell how.

Talkapace. I shrew them that say nay, and that shall not be I.

Mumblecrust. And I am well content.

Talkapace. Sing on then by and by.

Roister (*aside*). And I will not away, but listen to their song—

Yet Merrygreek and my folks tarry very long.

Tib., An., and Margery do sing here.

Pipe, merry Annot, &c.
Trilla, Trilla, Trillary.
Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margery;
Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot; spin, Margery.
Let us see who will win the victory.

Talkapace. This sleeve is not willing to be sewed, I trow.
A small thing might make me all in the ground to throw.

Then they sing again.

Pipe, merry Annot, &c.
Trilla, Trilla, Trillary.
What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margery!
Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try,
Your fingers be numbed, our work will not lie.

Talkapace. If ye do so again—well, I would advise you nay:
In good sooth, one stop more, and I make holy-day!

They sing the third time.

Pipe, merry Annot, &c.
Trilla, Trilla, Trillary.
Now, Tibet; now, Annot; now, Margery;
Now whippet apace for the maistry:
But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Talkapace. Ah, each finger is a thumb to-day, me-think:

I care not to let all alone, choose it swim or sink.

They sing the fourth time.

Pipe, merry Annot, &c.
Trilla, Trilla, Trillary.
When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margery?
I will not,—I can not,—no more can I.
Then give we all over, and there let it lie!

[*Let her cast down her work.*

Talkapace. There it lieth! the worst is but a curried coat.
Tut! I am used thereto: I care not a groat.
Alyface. Have we done singing since? then will I in again:
Here I found you, and here I leave both twain.
[*Exeat.*
Mumblecrust. And I will not be long after —Tib Talkapace!

[*She discovers R. Roister Doister.*

Talkapace. What is the matter?
Mumblecrust (*looking at R.*). Yond stood a man all this space,
And hath heard all that ever we spake together.
Talkapace. Marry! the more lout he for his coming hither;
And the less good he can to listen maidens talk.
I care not, and I go bid him hence for to walk—
It were well done to know what he maketh here-away.
Roister. Now might I speak to them, if I wist what to say. [*Aside.*

Mumblecrust. Nay, we will go both off, and see what he is.

Roister (*coming forward*). One that heard all your talk and singing, i-wis.

Talkapace. The more to blame you; a good thrifty husband
Would elsewhere have had some better matters in hand.

Roister. I did it for no harm; but for good love I bear
To your dame, Mistress Custance, I did your talk hear.
And, mistress nurse! I will kiss you for acquaintance.

Mumblecrust. I come anon, sir.

Talkapace. Faith! I would our dame Custance
Saw this gear.

Mumblecrust. I must first wipe all clean—yea, I must!

Talkapace. Ill 'chieve it, doting fool, but it must be cust.

[*Roister kisses Mumblecrust.*

Mumblecrust. God 'ield you, sir; chad not so much, i-chotte not when;
Ne'er since chwas born, chwine, of such a gay gentleman.

Roister. I will kiss you too, maiden, for the good will I bear ye.

Talkapace. No, forsooth, by your leave, ye shall not kiss me.

Roister. Yes, be not afeard; I do not disdain you a whit.

Talkapace. Why should I fear you? I have not so little wit;

Ye are but a man, I know very well.

Roister. Why, then?

Talkapace. Forsooth, for I will not; I use not to kiss men.

Roister. I would fain kiss you too, good maiden, if I might.

Talkapace. What should that need?

Roister. But to honour you, by this light!
I use to kiss all them that I love, to God I vow!

Talkapace. Yea, sir? I pray you, when did ye last kiss your cow?

Roister. Ye might be proud to kiss me, if ye were wise.

Talkapace. What promotion were therein?

Roister. Nurse is not so nice.

Talkapace. Well, I have not been taught to kissing and licking.

Roister. Yet, I thank you, mistress nurse, ye made no sticking.

Mumblecrust. I will not stick for a koss with such a man as you.

Talkapace. They that lust!—I will again to my sewing now.

Alyface (*re-entering*). Tidings, ho! tidings! dame Custance greeteth you well.

Roister. Whom? me?

Alyface. You, sir? No, sir: I do no such tale tell.

Roister. But, and she knew me here!—

Alyface. Tibet Talkapace,
Your mistress Custance and mine must speak with your grace.

Talkapace. With me?

Alyface. You must come in to her, out of all doubts.

Talkapace. And my work not half-done? a mischief on all louts!

[*Ex*[*eant*] *amb*[*ae*].

Roister. Ah, good sweet nurse!

Mumblecrust. Ah, good sweet gentleman!

Roister. What?

Mumblecrust. Nay, I cannot tell, sir, but what thing would you?

Roister. How doth sweet Custance, my heart of gold, tell me, how?

Mumblecrust. She doth very well, sir, and command[s] me to you.

Roister. To me?

Mumblecrust. Yea, to you, sir.

Roister. To me? nurse, tell me plain, To me?

Mumblecrust. Yea.

Roister. That word maketh me alive again.

Mumblecrust. She command[ed] me to one last day, whoe'er it was.

Roister. That was e'en to me and none other, by the mass!

Mumblecrust. I cannot tell you surely, but one it was.

Roister. It was I and none other—this cometh to good pass. I promise thee, nurse, I favour her.

Mumblecrust. E'en so, sir?

Roister. Bid her sue to me for marriage.

Mumblecrust. E'en so, sir?

Roister. And surely for thy sake she shall speed.

Mumblecrust. E'en so, sir?

Roister. I shall be contented to take her.

Mumblecrust. E'en so, sir?

Roister. But at thy request and for thy sake.
Mumblecrust. E'en so, sir?
Roister. And, come, hark in thine ear what to say.
Mumblecrust. E'en so, sir?

[*Here let him tell her a great long tale in her ear.*

ACTUS I., SCÆNA IV.

MATTHEW MERRYGREEK. DOBINET DOUGHTY. HARPAX [*and Musicians entering*]. RALPH ROISTER. MARGERY MUMBLECRUST [*still on the scene, whispering*].

Merrygreek. Come on, sirs, apace, and 'quit yourselves like men;
Your pains shall be rewarded.
Doughty. But, I wot not when.
Merrygreek. Do your master worship, as ye have done in time past.
Doughty. Speak to them—of mine office he shall have a cast.
Merrygreek. Harpax, look that thou do well too, and thy fellow.
Harpax. I warrant, if he will mine example follow.
Merrygreek. Curtsey, whoresons! duck you and crouch at every word!
Doughty. Yes, whether our master speak earnest or bord.

Merrygreek. For this lieth upon his preferment indeed.

Doughty. Oft is he a wooer, but never doth he speed.

Merrygreek. But with whom is he now so sadly rounding yond?

Doughty. With *Nobs nicebectur miserere* fond.

Merrygreek [*approaching Roister*]. God be at your wedding! be ye sped already?
I did not suppose that your love was so greedy.
I perceive now ye have chose of devotion;
And joy have ye, lady, of your promotion!

Roister. Tush, fool! thou art deceived, this is not she.

Merrygreek. Well, mock much of her, and keep her well, I 'vise ye.
I will take no charge of such a fair piece keeping.

Mumblecrust. What aileth this fellow? he driveth me to weeping.

Merrygreek. What, weep on the wedding-day? be merry, woman;
Though I say it, ye have chose a good gentleman.

Roister. Kock's nowns! what meanest thou, man? tut, a whistle!

[*Merrygreek.*] Ah, sir! be good to her; she is but a gristle—
Ah, sweet lamb and coney!

Roister. Tut! thou art deceived.

Merrygreek. Weep no more, lady, ye shall be well received.
Up with some merry noise, sirs, to bring home the bride!

Roister. Gog's arms, knave! art thou mad? I tell thee thou art wide.

Merrygreek. Then ye intend by night to have her home brought?

Roister. I tell thee, no.

Merrygreek. How then?

Roister. 'Tis neither meant ne thought.

Merrygreek. What shall we then do with her?

Roister. Ah, foolish harebrain!
This is not she.

Merrygreek. No, is? Why, then, unsaid again!
And what young girl is this with your maship so bold?

Roister. A girl?

Merrygreek. Yea, I daresay, scarce yet threescore year old.

Roister. This same is the fair widow's nurse, of whom ye wot.

Merrygreek. Is she but a nurse of a house? hence home, old trot!
Hence at once!

Roister. No, no.

Merrygreek. What, an' please your maship,
A nurse talk so homely with one of your worship?

Roister. I will have it so; it is my pleasure and will.

Merrygreek. Then I am content. Nurse, come again, tarry still!

Roister. What! she will help forward this my suit, for her part!

Merrygreek. Then is't mine own pigsny, and blessing on my heart!

Roister. This is our best friend, man!

Merrygreek. Then teach her what to say!
Mumblecrust. I am taught already.
Merrygreek. Then go, make no delay.
Roister. Yet hark, one word in thine ear!
Merrygreek [*Doughty, &c., press on Roister, who pushes them back*]. Back, sirs, from his tail!
Roister. Back, villains! will ye be privy of my counsel?
Merrygreek. Back, sirs! So. I told you afore ye would be shent.
Roister. She shall have the first day a whole peck of argent.
Mumblecrust. A peck! *Nomine patris* [*crossing herself*]! have ye so much spare?
Roister. Yea, and a cart-load thereto, or else were it bare;
Besides other moveables, household stuff and land.
Mumblecrust. Have ye lands too?
Roister. An hundred marks.
Merrygreek. Yea, a thousand.
Mumblecrust. And have ye cattle too? and sheep too?
Roister. Yea, a few.
Merrygreek. He is ashamed the number of them to show.
E'en round about him as many thousand sheep goes,
As he and thou, and I too, have fingers and toes.
Mumblecrust. And how many years old be you?
Roister. Forty at lest.
Merrygreek. Yea, and thrice forty to them.
Roister. Nay, thou dost jest.
I am not so old; thou misreckonest my years.

Merrygreek. I know that; but my mind was on bullocks and steers.

Mumblecrust. And what shall I show her your mastership's name is?

Roister. Nay, she shall make suit, ere she know that, i-wis.

Mumblecrust. Yet let me somewhat know.

Merrygreek. This is he, understand,
That killed the blue spider in Blanchepowder land.

Mumblecrust. Yea, Jesus! William! zee, law! did he zo? law!

Merrygreek. Yea, and the last elephant that ever he saw,
As the beast passed by, he start out of a busk,
And e'en with pure strength of arms plucked out his great tusk.

Mumblecrust. Jesus, *Nomine patris* [*crossing herself*], what a thing was that!

Roister. Yea, but, Merrygreek, one thing thou hast forgot.

Merrygreek. What?

Roister. Of th' other elephant.

Merrygreek. O, him that fled away?

Roister. Yea.

Merrygreek. Yea, he knew that his match was in place that day.
Tut! he bet the King of Crickets on Christmas-day,
That he crept in a hole, and not a word to say.

Mumblecrust. A sore man, by zembletee.

Merrygreek. Why, he wrong a club
Once in a fray out of the hand of Belzebub.

Roister. And how when Mumfision—

Merrygreek. O, your costreling
Bore the lantern a-field so before the gozeling—

Nay, that is too long a matter now to be told.
Never ask his name, nurse, I warrant thee, be bold:
He conquered in one day from Rome to Naples,
And won towns, nurse, as fast as thou canst make apples.

Mumblecrust. O Lord! my heart quaketh for fear, he is too fore.

Roister. Thou makest her too much afeard, Merrygreek; no more!

This tale would fear my sweetheart Custance right evil.

Merrygreek. Nay, let her take him, nurse, and fear not the devil.

But thus is our song dasht—sirs! ye may home again. [*To the music.*

Roister. No, shall they not. I charge you all here to remain:
The villain slaves!—a whole day, ere they can be found!

Merrygreek. Couch on your marybones, whoresons, down to the ground!

Was it meet he should tarry so long in one place,
Without harmony of music or some solace?
Whoso hath such bees as your master in his head
Had need to have his spirits with music to be fed.
By your mastership's licence [*picking something from his coat*]—

Roister. What is that? a mote?

Merrygreek. No, it was a fool's feather had light on your coat.

Roister. I was nigh no feathers, since I came from my bed.

Merrygreek. No, sir! it was a hair that was fall from your head.

Roister. My men come when it please them.

Merrygreek. By your leave [*plucking*]—

Roister. What is that?

Merrygreek. Your gown was foul spotted with the foot of a gnat.

Roister. Their master to offend they are nothing afeard.
What now [*again plucking*]?

Merrygreek. A lousy hair from your mastership's beard.

Omnes famuli. And sir, for nurse's sake, pardon this one offence.
We shall not after this show the like negligence.

Roister. I pardon you this once; and, come, sing ne'er the worse.

Merrygreek. How like you the goodness of this gentleman, nurse?

Mumblecrust. God save his mastership, that so can his men forgive!
And I will hear them sing, ere I go, by his leave.

Roister. Marry, and thou shalt, wench! come, we two will dance!

Mumblecrust. Nay, I will by mine own self foot the song perchance.

Roister. Go to it, sirs, lustily!

[*Retires to write a letter.*

Mumblecrust. Pipe up a merry note!
Let me hear it played, I will foot it for a groat.

[*Cantent.*

[*Whoso to marry a minion wife,*
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she lust to do, or to say,
Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs soever he go,
He must show her all his mind.
None of his counsel she may be kept fro,
Else is he a man unkind.]

Roister. Now, nurse, take this same letter here to thy mistress;
And, as my trust is in thee, ply my business.
Mumblecrust. It shall be done!
Merrygreek. Who made it?
Roister. I wrote it each whit.
Merrygreek. Then needs it no mending?
Roister. No, no.
Merrygreek. No, I know your wit. I warrant it well.
Mumblecrust. It shall be delivered;
But, if ye speed, shall I be considered?
Merrygreek. Whough! dost thou doubt of that?
Mumblecrust. What shall I have?
Merrygreek. An hundred times more than thou canst devise to crave.
Mumblecrust. Shall I have some new gear, for my old is all spent?
Merrygreek. The worst kitchen wench shall go in ladies' raiment.
Mumblecrust. Yea?
Merrygreek. And the worst drudge in the house shall go better
Than your mistress doth now.
Mumblecrust. Then I trudge with your letter.

Roister. Now may I repose me: Custance is mine own.
Let us sing and play homeward, that it may be known.
Merrygreek. But are you sure that your letter is well enough?
Roister. I wrote it myself.
Merrygreek. Then sing we to dinner.
[*Here they sing, and go out singing.*

ACTUS I., SCÆNA 5.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. MARGERY MUMBLECRUST.

Custance. Who took thee this letter, Margery Mumblecrust?
Mumblecrust. A lusty gay bachelor took it me of trust,
And if ye seek to him, he will lowe your doing.
Custance. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wooing?
Mumblecrust. If to sue to him you will any pains take,
He will have you to his wife (he saith) for my sake.
Custance. Some wise gentleman belike: I am bespoken.
And I thought verily this had been some token
From my dear spouse, Gawin Goodluck, whom when him please,
God luckily send home to both our hearts' ease!
Mumblecrust. A jolly man it is, I wot well by report,
And would have you to him for marriage resort.
Best open the writing, and see what it doth speak.

Custance. At this time, nurse, I will neither read ne break.

Mumblecrust. He promised to give you a whole peck of gold.

Custance. Perchance, lack of a pint, when it shall be all told.

Mumblecrust. I would take a gay rich husband, and I were you.

Custance. In good sooth, Madge, e'en so would I, if I were thou.

But no more of this fond talk now; let us go in,
And see thou no more move me folly to begin;
Nor bring me no mo letters for no man's pleasure,
But thou know from whom.

Mumblecrust. I warrant ye shall be sure.

ACTUS II., SCÆNA 1.

[*A night has passed between the first and second acts.*]

DOBINET DOUGHTY.

Doughty. Where is the house I go to, before or behind?
I know not where nor when, nor how I shall it find.
If I had ten men's bodies and legs, and strength,
This trotting that I have must needs lame me at length.
And now that my master is new-set on wooing,
I trust there shall none of us find lack of doing:
Two pair of shoes a day will now be too little
To serve me, I must trot to and fro so mickle.
"Go bear me this token!" "carry me this letter;"

Now this is the best way; now that way is better.
" Up before day, sirs, I charge you, an hour or twain;
Trudge, do me this message, and bring word quick again."
If one miss but a minute, then, " His arms and wounds!
I would not have slacked for ten thousand pounds!
Nay see, I beseech you, if my most trusty page
Go not now about to hinder my marriage."
So fervent hot wooing, and so far from wiving,
I trow, never was any creature living;
With every woman is he in some love's-pang;
Then up to our lute at midnight, *Twangledom twang!*
Then twang with our sonnets, and twang with our dumps;
And *Heigho!* from our heart, as heavy as lead-lumps.
Then to our recorder with *Toodleloodle poop!*
As the howlet out of an ivy bush should hoop.
Anon to our gittern, *Thrumpledum thrumpledum thrum,*
Thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrum!
Of songs and ballads also he is a maker,
And that can he as finely do as Jack Raker;
Yea, and extempore will he ditties compose;
Foolish Marsias ne'er made the like, I suppose;
Yet must we sing them, as good stuff, I undertake,
As for such a pen-man is well fitting to make.
" Ah, for these long nights! heigho! when will it be day?

I fear, ere I come, she will be wooed away."
Then, when answer is made, that it may not be,
" O death, why comest thou not? " by and by saith he;
But then, from his heart to put away sorrow,
He is as far in with some new love next morrow.
But, in the mean season, we trudge and we trot;
From dayspring to midnight, I sit not, nor rest not.
And now am I sent to dame Christian Custance;
But I fear it will end with a mock for pastance.
I bring her a ring, with a token in a clout;
And, by all guess, this same is her house out of doubt.
I know it now perfect, I am in my right way;
And lo! yond the old nurse that was with us last day.

ACTUS II., SCÆNA 2.

MADGE MUMBLECRUST. DOBINET DOUGHTY.

Mumblecrust. I was ne'er so shoke up afore, since I was born;
That our mistress could not have chid, I would have sworn;
And I pray God I die, if I meant any harm;
But for my lifetime this shall be to me a charm.

Doughty. God you save and see, nurse! and how is it with you?

Mumblecrust. Marry! a great deal the worse it is for such as thou.

Doughty. For me? Why so?

Mumblecrust. Why, were not thou one of them, say,
That sang and played here with the gentleman last day?
Doughty. Yes, and he would know if you have for him spoken,
And prays you to deliver this ring and token.
Mumblecrust. Now, by the token that God tokened, brother,
I will deliver no token, one nor other.
I have once been so shent for your master's pleasure,
As I will not be again for all his treasure.
Doughty. He will thank you, woman.
Mumblecrust. I will none of his thank.
[*Exit.*
Doughty. I ween I am a prophet; this gear will prove blank.
But what, should I home again without answer go?
It were better go to Rome on my head than so.
I will tarry here this month, but some of the house
Shall take it of me, and then I care not a louse.
But yonder cometh forth a wench or a lad—
If he have not one Lombard's touch, my luck is bad.

ACTUS II., SCÆNA 3.

TRUEPENNY. DOBINET DOUGHTY. TIBET TALKAPACE. ANNOT ALYFACE.

Truepenny. I am clean lost for lack of merry company;
We 'gree not half well within, our wenches and I:

They will command like mistresses, they will forbid;
If they be not served, Truepenny must be chid.
Let them be as merry now as ye can desire:
With turning of a hand our mirth lieth in the mire.
I cannot skill of such changeable mettle,
There is nothing with them but, "In dock, out nettle."

Doughty. Whether is it better that I speak to him first,
Or he first to me? It is good to cast the worst.
If I begin first, he will smell all my purpose;
Otherwise I shall not need anything to disclose.
[*Aside.*

Truepenny. What boy have we yonder? I will see what he is.

Doughty. He cometh to me. It is hereabout, i-wis. [*Aside.*

Truepenny. Wouldest thou ought, friend, that thou lookest so about?

Doughty. Yea! but whether ye can help me or no, I doubt—
I seek to one Mistress Custance house here dwelling.

Truepenny. It is my mistress ye seek, too, by your telling.

Doughty. Is there any of that name here but she?

Truepenny. Not one in all the whole town that I know, pardè.

Doughty. A widow she is, I trow.

Truepenny. And what and she be?

Doughty. But ensured to an husband?

Truepenny. Yea, so think we.

Doughty. And I dwell with her husband that trusteth to be.

Truepenny. In faith! then must thou needs be welcome to me.

Let us, for acquaintance, shake hands together;

And, whate'er thou be, heartily welcome hither.

[*Tib and Annot would seem to enter here.*]

Talkapace. Well, Truepenny! never but flinging?

Alyface. And frisking?

Truepenny. Well, Tibet and Annot! still swinging and whisking?

Talkapace. But ye roil abroad.

Alyface. In the street everywhere.

Truepenny. Where are ye twain? in chambers, when ye meet me there?

But come hither, fools: I have one now by the hand,

Servant to him that must be our mistress' husband;

Bid him welcome!

Alyface. To me truly is he welcome.

Talkapace. Forsooth! and, as I may say, heartily welcome.

Doughty. I thank you, mistress maids.

Alyface. I hope we shall better know.

Talkapace. And when will our new master come?

Doughty. Shortly, I trow.

Talkapace. I would it were to-morrow; for, till he resort,

Our mistress, being a widow, hath small comfort;

And I heard our nurse speak of an husband to-day,

Ready for our mistress; a rich man and a gay.
And we shall go in our French hoods every day;
In our silk cassocks (I warrant you) fresh and gay;
In our trick ferdegews and billiments of gold;
Brave in our suits of change, seven double fold.
Then shall ye see Tibet, sirs, tread the moss so trim;
Nay, why said I tread? ye shall see her glide and swim;
Not lumperdy-clumperdy, like our spaniel Rig.

Truepenny. Marry, then, prick-me-dainty! come, toast me a fig.

Who shall then know our Tib Talkapace, trow ye?

Alyface. And why not Annot Alyface as fine as she?

Truepenny. And what, had Tom Truepenny a father or none?

Alyface. Then our pretty new-come-man will look to be one.

Truepenny. We four, I trust, shall be a jolly merry knot.

Shall we sing a fit to welcome our friend, Annot?

Alyface. Perchance, he cannot sing.

Doughty. I am at all assays.

Talkapace. By Cock! and the better welcome to us always.

Here they sing:

A thing very fit
For them that have wit,
And are fellows knit,
Servants in one house to be:

Is fast for to sit,
And not oft to flit,
Nor vary a whit,
But lovingly to agree.

No man complaining,
No other disdaining,
For loss or for gaining,
But fellows or friends to be.
No grudge remaining,
No work refraining,
Nor help restraining,
But lovingly to agree.

No man for despite,
By word or by write
His fellow to twite,
But further in honesty;
No good turns entwite,
Nor old sores recite,
But let all go quite,
And lovingly to agree.

After drudgery,
When they be weary,
Then to be merry,
To laugh and sing they be free;
With chip and cherry,
Heigh derry derry,
Trill on the bery,
And lovingly to agree.

Talkapace. Will you now in with us unto our mistress go?

Doughty. I have first for my master an errand or two.
But I have here from him a token and a ring;

They shall have most thank of her that first doth it bring.

Talkapace. Marry! that will I.

Truepenny. See and Tibet snatch not now!

Talkapace. And why may not I, sir, get thanks as well as you? [*Exit.*

Alyface. Yet get ye not all, we will go with you both,

And have part of your thanks, be ye never so loth. [*Exit omnes.*

Doughty. So my hands are rid of it; I care for no more,

I may now return home; so durst I not afore. [*Exit.*

ACTUS II., SCÆNA 4.

C[HRISTIAN] CUSTANCE. TIBET [TALKAPACE]. ANNOT ALYFACE. TRUEPENNY.

Custance. Nay, come forth all three; and come hither, pretty maid;

Will not so many forewarnings make you afraid?

Talkapace. Yes, forsooth!

Custance. But still be a runner up and down?

Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to town?

Talkapace. No, forsooth, mistress!

Custance. Is all your delight and joy

In whisking and ramping abroad, like a Tom-boy?

Talkapace. Forsooth! these were there too, Annot and Truepenny.

Truepenny. Yea, but ye alone took it, ye cannot deny.

Alyface. Yea, that ye did.

Talkapace. But, if I had not, ye twain would.

Custance. You great calf! ye should have more wit, so ye should. [*To Truepenny.*

But why should any of you take such things in hand?

Talkapace. Because it came from him that must be your husband.

Custance. How do ye know that?

Talkapace. Forsooth! the boy did say so.

Custance. What was his name?

Alyface. We asked not.

Custance. No, did [ye not?]

Alyface. He is not far gone, of likelihood.

Truepenny. I will see.

Custance. If thou canst find him in the street bring him to me.

Truepenny. Yes. [*Exeat.*

Custance. Well, ye naughty girls, if ever I perceive

That henceforth you do letters or tokens receive,

To bring unto me from any person or place,

Except ye first show me the party face to face,

Either thou, or thou, full truly aby thou shalt.

Talkapace. Pardon this, and the next time powder me in salt.

Custance. I shall make all girls by you twain to beware.

Talkapace. If ever I offend again, do not me spare.

But if ever I see that false boy any more,

By your mistresship's licence, I tell you afore,

I will rather have my coat twenty times swinged,

Than on the naughty wag not to be avenged.
Custance. Good wenches would not so ramp abroad idly,
But keep within doors, and ply their work earnestly.
If one would speak with me, that is a man likely,
Ye shall have right good thank to bring me word quickly;
But otherwise with messages to come in post,
From henceforth I promise you shall be to your cost.
Get you into your work.
Talkapace and Alyface. Yes, forsooth!
Custance. Hence, both twain,
And let me see you play me such a part again!
[*Exit Talkapace and Alyface.*
Truepenny (*re-entering*). Mistress, I have run past the far end of the street,
Yet can I not yonder crafty boy see nor meet.
Custance. No?
Truepenny. Yet I looked as far beyond the people
As one may see out of the top of Paul's steeple.
Custance. Hence, in at doors, and let me no more be vext!
Truepenny. Forgive me this one fault, and lay on for the next. [*Exit Truepenny.*
Custance. Now will I in too, for I think, so God me mend!
This will prove some foolish matter in the end.
[*Exeat.*

ACTUS III., SCÆNA 1.

MATTHEW MERRYGREEK.

Merrygreek. Now say this again: he hath somewhat to doing
Which followeth the trace of one that is wooing;
Specially that hath no more wit in his head,
Than my cousin Roister Doister withal is led.
I am sent in all haste to espy and to mark,
How our letters and tokens are likely to wark.
Master Roister Doister must have answer in haste,
For he loveth not to spend much labour in waste.
Now, as for Christian Custance, by this light!
Though she had not her troth to Gawin Goodluck plight,
Yet rather than with such a loutish dolt to marry,
I daresay would live a poor life solitary.
But fain would I speak with Custance, if I wist how,
To laugh at the matter. Yond cometh one forth now.

ACTUS III., SCÆNA 2.

TIBET [TALKAPACE]. M[ATTHEW] MERRYGREEK. [CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.]

Talkapace. Ah! that I might but once in my life have a sight
Of him who made us all so ill-shent! By this light,
He should never escape, if I had him by the ear!
But even from his head I would it bite or tear.

Yea, and if one of them were not enou',
I would bite them both off, I make God avow!

Merrygreek. What is he, whom this little mouse doth so threaten? [*Aside.*

Talkapace. I would teach him, I trow, to make girls shent or beaten.

Merrygreek. I will call her. Maid, with whom are ye so hasty?

Talkapace. Not with you, sir, but with a little wag-pasty;

A deceiver of folks by subtle craft and guile.

Merrygreek. I know where she is: Dobinet hath wrought some wile.

Talkapace. He brought a ring and token, which he said was sent

From our dame's husband, but I wot well I was shent;

For it liked her as well, to tell you no lies,

As water in her ship, or salt cast in her eyes:

And yet, whence it came, neither we nor she can tell.

Merrygreek. We shall have sport anon: I like this very well. [*Aside.*

And dwell ye here with mistress Custance, fair maid?

Talkapace. Yea, marry do I, sir! what would ye have said?

Merrygreek. A little message unto her, by word of mouth.

Talkapace. No messages, by your leave, nor tokens, forsooth!

Merrygreek. Then help me to speak with her.

Talkapace. With a good will that.

Here she cometh forth. Now speak—ye know best what. [*Custance enters.*]

Custance. None other life with you, maid, but abroad to skip?

Talkapace. Forsooth! here is one would speak with your mistresship.

Custance. Ah! have ye been learning of mo messages now?

Talkapace. I would not hear his mind, but bad him show it to you.

Custance. In at doors!

Talkapace. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Merrygreek. Dame Custance, God ye save!

Custance. Welcome, friend Merrygreek; and what thing would ye have?

Merrygreek. I am come to you a little matter to break.

Custance. But see it be honest, else better not to speak.

Merrygreek. How feel ye yourself affected here of late?

Custance. I feel no manner change, but after the old rate.

But whereby do ye mean?

Merrygreek. Concerning marriage.

Doth not love lade you?

Custance. I feel no such carriage.

Merrygreek. Do ye feel no pangs of dotage? Answer me right.

Custance. I doat so, that I make but one sleep all the night.

But what need all these words?

Merrygreek. O Jesus! will ye see [*Aside.*

What dissembling creatures these same women be?

The gentleman ye wot of, whom ye do so love,

That ye would fain marry him, if ye durst it move,

Among other rich widows which are of him glad,
Lest ye for lesing of him perchance might run mad,
Is now contented that, upon your suit making,
Ye be as one in election of taking.

Custance. What a tale is this? That I wot of? Whom I love?

Merrygreek. Yea, and he is as loving a worm again as a dove.

E'en of very pity he is willing you to take,
Because ye shall not destroy yourself for his sake.

Custance. Marry! God 'ield his mashiip! whatever he be,
It is gentmanly spoken.

Merrygreek. Is it not, trow ye?
If ye have the grace now to offer yourself, ye speed.

Custance. As much as though I did; this time it shall not need.
But what gentman is it, I pray you tell me plain,
That wooeth so finely?

Merrygreek. Lo, where ye be again!
As though ye knew him not!

Custance. Tush! ye speak in jest.

Merrygreek. Nay, sure the party is in good knacking earnest,
And have you he will (he saith) and have you he must.

Custance. I am promised during my life, that is just.

Merrygreek. Marry! so thinketh he—unto him alone.

Custance. No creature hath my faith and troth but one,
That is Gawin Goodluck: and if it be not he,
He hath no title this way, whatever he be,
Nor I know none to whom I have such words spoken.

Merrygreek. Ye know him not, you, by his letter and token!

Custance. Indeed true it is that a letter I have,
But I never read it yet, as God me save!

Merrygreek. Ye a woman? and your letter so long unread!

Custance. Ye may thereby know what haste I have to wed.
But now, who it is for my hand I know by guess.

Merrygreek. Ah! well, I say—

Custance. It is Roister Doister, doubtless.

Merrygreek. Will ye never leave this dissimulation?
Ye know him not?

Custance. But by imagination;
For no man there is, but a very dolt and lout,
That to woo a widow would so go about.
He shall never have me his wife, while he do live.

Merrygreek. Then will he have you if he may, so mot I thrive;
And he biddeth you send him word by me,
That ye humbly beseech him, ye may his wife be;
And that there shall be no let in you nor mistrust,
But to be wedded on Sunday next, if he lust;
And biddeth you to look for him.

Custance. Doth he bid so?
Merrygreek. When he cometh, ask him whether he did or no?
Custance. Go say, that I bid him keep him warm at home,
For, if he come abroad, he shall cough me a mome.
My mind was vexed, I 'shrew his head, sottish dolt!
Merrygreek. He hath in his head—
Custance. As much brain as a burbolt.
Merrygreek. Well, dame Custance, if he hear you thus play choploge—
Custance. What will he?
Merrygreek. Play the devil in the horologe.
Custance. I defy him, lout!
Merrygreek. Shall I tell him what ye say?
Custance. Yea, and add whatsoever thou canst, I thee pray,
And I will avouch it, whatsoever it be.
Merrygreek. Then let me alone; we will laugh well, ye shall see;
It will not be long, ere he will hither resort.
Custance. Let him come when him lust, I wish no better sport.
Fare ye well: I will in, and read my great letter;
I shall to my wooer make answer the better.
[*Exeat.*

ACTUS III., SCÆNA 3.

MATTHEW MERRYGREEK. ROISTER DOISTER.

Merrygreek. Now that the whole answer in my device doth rest,
I shall paint out our wooer in colours of the best;

And all that I say shall be on Custance's mouth,
She is author of all that I shall speak, forsooth!
But yond cometh Roister Doister now, in a trance.

[*Enter Roister Doister.*]

Roister. Juno send me this day good luck and good chance!
I cannot but come see how Merrygreek doth speed.
Merrygreek [*aside*]. I will not see him, but give him a jut indeed.
[*He runs hard into him.*]
I cry your mastership mercy!
Roister. And whither now?
Merrygreek. As fast as I could run, sir, in post against you.
But why speak ye so faintly, or why are ye so sad?
Roister. Thou knowest the proverb—because I cannot be had.
Hast thou spoken with this woman?
Merrygreek. Yea, that I have.
Roister. And what, will this gear be?
Merrygreek. No, so God me save!
Roister. Hast thou a flat answer?
Merrygreek. Nay, a sharp answer.
Roister. What?
Merrygreek. "Ye shall not (she saith), by her will, marry her cat.
Ye are such a calf, such an ass, such a block,
Such a lilburn, such a hobil, such a lobcock."
And because ye should come to her at no season,
She despised your maship out of all reason.

"Beware what ye say (ko I) of such a gentman!"
"Nay, I fear him not (ko she), do the best he can.
He vaunteth himself for a man of prowess great,
Whereas a good gander, I dare say, may him beat.
And where he is louted and laughed to scorn,
For the veriest dolt that ever was born:
And veriest lubber, sloven and beast,
Living in this world from the west to the east;
Yet of himself hath he such opinion,
That in all the world is not the like minion.
He thinketh each woman to be brought in dotage
With the only sight of his goodly personage:
Yet none that will have him: we do him lout and flock,
And make him among us our common sporting-stock;
And so would I now (ko she), save only because—"
"Better nay (ko I)." "I lust not meddle with daws."
"Ye are happy (ko I) that ye are a woman:
This would cost you your life, in case ye were a man."

Roister. Yea, an hundred thousand pound should not save her life.

Merrygreek. No, but that ye woo her to have her to your wife;
But I could not stop her mouth.

Roister. Heigho, alas!

Merrygreek. Be of good cheer, man, and let the world pass.

Roister. What shall I do or say, now that it will not be?

Merrygreek. Ye shall have choice of a thousand as good as she;

And ye must pardon her; it is for lack of wit.

Roister. Yea, for were not I an husband for her fit?

Well, what should I now do?

Merrygreek. In faith, I cannot tell!

Roister. I will go home, and die.

Merrygreek. Then shall I bid toll the bell?

Roister. No.

Merrygreek. God have mercy on your soul: ah, good gentleman,

That e'er you should th[u]s die for an unkind woman!

Will ye drink once, ere ye go?

Roister. No, no, I will none.

Merrygreek. How feel[s] your soul to God?

Roister. I am nigh gone.

Merrygreek. And shall we hence straight?

Roister. Yea.

Merrygreek. *Placebo dilexi.*

Master Roister Doister will straight go home, and die. [*ut infra.*

Roister. Heigho, alas! the pangs of death my heart do break.

Merrygreek. Hold your peace, for shame, sir! a dead man may not speak.

Ne quando. What mourners and what torches shall we have?

Roister. None.

Merrygreek. *Dirige.* He will go darkling to his grave:

Neque lux, neque crux, neque mourners, *neque* clink;

He will steal to heaven, unknowing to God, I think,
A porta inferi. Who shall your goods possess?
Roister. Thou shalt be my sector, and have all, more and less.
Merrygreek. Requiem æternam. Now, God reward your mastership!
And I will cry halfpenny-dole for your worship,
Come forth, sirs! hear the doleful news I shall you tell. [*Evocat servos milites.*
Our good master here will no longer with us dwell,
But in spite of Custance, which hath him wearied,
Let us see his maship solemnly buried;
And while some piece of his soul is yet him within,
Some part of his funerals let us here begin.
Audivi vocem. All men take heed by this one gentleman,
How you set your love upon an unkind woman;
For those women be all such mad, peevish elves,
They will not be won, except it please themselves.
But, in faith, Custance, if ever ye come in hell,
Master Roister Doister shall serve you as well—
And will ye needs go from us thus in very deed?
Roister. Yea, in good sadness!
Merrygreek. Now Jesus Christ be your speed.
Good night, Roger, old knave! farewell, Roger, old knave!
Good night, Roger, old knave! knave knap!
[*ut infra.*

Pray for the late master Roister Doister's soul,
And come forth, parish clerk; let the passing-bell toll.
Pray for your master, sirs; and for him ring a peal. [*Ad servos milites.*
He was your right good master, while he was in heal.

[*The Peal of bells rung by the parish Clerk and Roister Doister's four men.*

The first Bell, a Triple. When died he? When died he?
The second. We have him! We have him!
The third. Roister Doister! Roister Doister!
The fourth Bell. He cometh! He cometh!
The great Bell. Our own! Our own!]
Qui Lazarum. Roister. Heigho!
Merrygreek. Dead men go not so fast
In Paradisum.
Roister. Heigho!
Merrygreek. Soft, hear what I have cast.
Roister. I will hear nothing, I am past.
Merrygreek. Whough, wellaway!
Ye may tarry one hour, and hear what I shall say.
Ye were best, sirs, for awhile to revive again,
And quite them, ere ye go.
Roister. Trowest thou so?
Merrygreek. Yea, plain.
Roister. How may I revive, being now so far past?
Merrygreek. I will rub your temples, and fet you again at last.
Roister. It will not be possible.

Merrygreek [*rubbing Roister's temples roughly*]. Yes, for twenty pound.
Roister. Arms! what dost thou?
Merrygreek. Fet you again out of your sound.
By this cross! ye were nigh gone indeed; I might feel
Your soul departing within an inch of your heel.
Now follow my counsel—
Roister. What is it?
Merrygreek. If I were you,
Custance should eft seek to me, ere I would bow.
Roister. Well, as thou wilt have me, even so will I do.
Merrygreek. Then shall ye revive again for an hour or two.
Roister. As thou wilt: I am content, for a little space.
Merrygreek. Good hap is not hasty: yet in space com[e]th grace.
To speak with Custance yourself should be very well;
What good thereof may come, nor I, nor you can tell.
But now the matter standeth upon your marriage,
Ye must now take unto you a lusty courage.
Ye may not speak with a faint heart to Custance;
But with a lusty breast and countenance,
That she may know she hath to answer to a man.
Roister. Yes, I can do that as well as any can.

Merrygreek. Then, because ye must Custance face to face woo,
Let us see how to behave yourself ye can do.
Ye must have a portly brag after your estate.
Roister. Tush! I can handle that after the best rate.
Merrygreek. Well done! so, lo! up, man, with your head and chin!
Up with that snout, man! so lo! now ye begin.
So! that is somewhat like; but, pranky-coat, nay whan!
That is a lusty brute! hands unto your side, man!
So, lo! now is it even as it should be;
That is somewhat like for a man of your degree.
Then must ye stately go, jetting up and down.
Tut! can ye no better shake the tail of your gown?
There, lo! such a lusty brag it is ye must make.
Roister. To come behind, and make curtsey, thou must some pains take.
Merrygreek. Else were I much to blame. I thank your mastership;
The Lord one day all-to begrime you with worship—
[*Merrygreek pushes violently against Roister.*]
Back, Sir Sauce! let gentlefolks have elbow-room.
'Void, sirs! see ye not Master Roister Doister come?
Make place, my masters— [*knocks against R.*]
Roister. Thou jostlest now too nigh.
Merrygreek. Back, all rude louts!
Roister. Tush!
Merrygreek. I cry your maship mercy!

Hoiday! if fair fine Mistress Custance saw you now,
Ralph Roister Doister were her own, I warrant you.
Roister. Ne'er an M[aster] by your girdle?
Merrygreek. Your good Mastership's
Mastership were her own mistresship's mistresship's.
Ye were take up for hawks; ye were gone, ye were gone:
But now one other thing more yet I think upon.
Roister. Show what it is.
Merrygreek. A wooer, be he never so poor,
Must play and sing before his best-belove's door.
How much more then you?
Roister. Thou speakest well, out of doubt.
Merrygreek. And perchance that would make her the sooner come out.
Roister. Go call my musicians; bid them hie apace.
Merrygreek. I will be here with them, ere ye can say *trey ace.* [*Exeat.*
Roister. This was well said of Merrygreek, I 'low his wit,
Before my sweetheart's door we will have a fit;
That, if my love come forth, I may with her talk;
I doubt not but this gear shall on my side walk.
But lo! how well Merrygreek is returned since.
[*Merrygreek returning with the musicians*].
There hath grown no grass on my heel, since I went hence—
Lo! here have I brought that shall make you pastance.

Roister. Come, sirs! let us sing, to win my dear love Custance. [*Cantent.*

[*I mun be married a Sunday;*
I mun be married a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Roister Doister is my name;
Roister Doister is my name;
A lusty brute I am the same;
I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I found;
Christian Custance have I found;
A widow worth a thousand pound;
I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as sweet as honey;
Custance is as sweet as honey;
I her lamb, and she my coney;
I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,
When we shall make our wedding feast,
There shall be cheer for man and beast;
I mun be married a Sunday.
I mun be married a Sunday, &c.]

Merrygreek. Lo, where she cometh! some countenance to her make;
And ye shall hear me be plain with her for your sake.

ACTUS III., SCÆNA 4.

[Christian] Custance. [Matthew] Merrygreek. Roister Doister.

Custance. What gauding and fooling is this afore my door?

Merrygreek. May not folks be honest, pray you, though they be poor?

Custance. As that thing may be true, so rich folks may be fools.

Roister. Her talk is as fine as she had learned in schools.

Merrygreek. Look partly toward her, and draw a little near. [*Aside.*

Custance. Get ye home, idle folks!

Merrygreek. Why may not we be here?
Nay, and ye will haze, haze; otherwise, I tell you plain,
And ye will not haze, then give us our gear again.

Custance. Indeed, I have of yours much gay things, God save all!

Roister. Speak gently unto her, and let her take all. [*Aside.*

Merrygreek. Ye are too tender-hearted. Shall she make us daws? [*Aside.*
Nay, dame, I will be plain with you in my friend's cause.

Roister. Let all this pass, sweetheart, and accept my service.

Custance. I will not be served with a fool in no wise.
When I choose an husband, I hope to take a man.

Merrygreek. And where will ye find one which can do that he can?
Now this man toward you being so kind,
You not to make him an answer somewhat to his mind?

Custance. I sent him a full answer by you, did I not?

Merrygreek. And I reported it.

Custance. Nay, I must speak it again.
Roister. No, no, he told it all.
Merrygreek. Was I not meetly plain?
Roister. Yes.
Merrygreek. But I would not tell all; for, faith! if I had,
With you, dame Custance, ere this hour it had been bad;
And not without cause: for this goodly personage
Meant no less than to join with you in marriage.
Custance. Let him waste no more labour nor suit about me.
Merrygreek. Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I see;
He sendeth you such a token, ring and letter.
Custance. Marry, here it is! ye never saw a better.
Merrygreek. Let us see your letter.
Custance. Hold! read it if ye can:
And see what letter it is to win a woman.
Merrygreek [*takes the letter and reads:*]

To mine own dear coney, bird, sweetheart, and pigsny,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by.

Of this superscription do ye blame the style?
Custance. With the rest, as good stuff as ye read a great while.
Merrygreek [*reads:*]

" Sweet Mistress, where as I love you nothing at all,

Regarding your substance and riches chief of all;
For your personage, beauty, demeanour and wit,
I commend me unto you never a whit.
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare,
For, (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favour of no living man;
To be abhorred of every honest man.
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice;
Nothing at all to virtue giving her due price.
Wherefore concerning marriage ye are thought
Such a fine paragon as ne'er honest man bought.
And now by these presents I do you advertise,
That I am minded to marry you in no wise.
For your goods and substance, I could be content
To take you as ye are. If ye mind to be my wife,
Ye shall be assured, for the time of my life,
I will keep ye right well from good raiment and fare;
Ye shall not be kept but in sorrow and care.
Ye shall in no wise live at your own liberty;
Do and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me;
But when ye are merry, I will be all sad;
When ye are sorry, I will be very glad.
When ye seek your heart's ease, I will be unkind;
At no time in me shall ye much gentleness find;
But all things contrary to your will and mind
Shall be done: otherwise I will not be behind
To speak. And as for all them that would do you wrong,

I will so help and maintain, ye shall not live long.
Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you, but I;
I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you, till I die.
Thus, good Mistress Custance, the Lord you save and keep
From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep,
Who favoureth you no less (ye may be bold)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."

Custance. How, by this letter of love? is it not fine?

Roister. By the Arms of Calais, it is none of mine.

Merrygreek. Fie! you are foul to blame; this is your own hand.

Custance. Might not a woman be proud of such an husband?

Merrygreek. Ah, that ye would in a letter show such despite!

Roister. O, I would I had him here, the which did it indite!

Merrygreek. Why, ye made it yourself, ye told me, by this light!

Roister. Yea, I meant I wrote it mine own self yesternight.

Custance. I-wis, sir, I would not have sent you such a mock.

Roister. Ye may so take it; but I meant it not so, by Cock!

Merrygreek. Who can blame this woman to fume, and fret, and rage?
Tut, tut! yourself now have marred your own marriage. [*Aside.*

Well yet, Mistress Custance, if ye can this remit;
This gentleman otherwise may your love requite.
Custance. No, God be with you both! and seek no more to me. [*Exit.*
Roister. Wough! she is gone for ever, I shall her no more see.
Merrygreek. What, weep? Fie for shame! And blubber? For manhood's sake!
Never let your foe so much pleasure of you take.
Rather play the man's part, and do love refrain;
If she despise you, e'en despise ye her again.
Roister. By Goss, and for thy sake, I defy her indeed!
Merrygreek. Yea, and perchance that way ye shall much sooner speed;
For one mad property these women have, in fay!
When ye will, they will not; will not ye? then will they!
Ah, foolish woman! ah, most unlucky Custance!
Ah, unfortunate woman! ah, peevish Custance!
Art thou to thine harms so obstinately bent,
That thou canst not see where lieth thine high preferment?
Canst thou not lub dis man, which could lub dee so well?
Art thou so much thine own foe?
Roister. Thou dost the truth tell.
Merrygreek. Well, I lament.
Roister. So do I.

Merrygreek. Wherefore?
Roister. For this thing,
Because she is gone.
Merrygreek. I mourn for another thing.
Roister. What is it, Merrygreek, wherefore thou dost grief take?
Merrygreek. That I am not a woman myself, for your sake.
I would have you myself, and a straw for yond Gill!
And mock much of you, though it were against my will.
I would not, I warrant you, fall in such a rage
As so to refuse such a goodly personage.
Roister. In faith, I heartily thank thee, Merrygreek!
Merrygreek. And I were a woman——
Roister. Thou wouldest to me seek.
Merrygreek. For, though I say it, a goodly person ye be.
Roister. No, no!
Merrygreek. Yes, a goodly man, as e'er I did see.
Roister. No, I am a poor homely man, as God made me.
Merrygreek. By the faith that I owe to God, sir, but ye be.
Would I might, for your sake, spend a thousand pound land.
Roister. I daresay thou wouldest have me to thy husband.
Merrygreek. Yea, and I were the fairest lady in the shire,
And knew you as I know you, and see you now here—
Well, I say no more!

Roister. Gramercies, with all my heart!
Merrygreek. But, since that cannot be, will ye play a wise part?
Roister. How should I?
Merrygreek. Refrain from Custance a while now,
And I warrant her soon right glad to seek to you.
Ye shall see her anon come on her knees creeping,
And pray you to be good to her, salt tears weeping.
Roister. But what and she come not?
Merrygreek. In faith, then, farewell she!
Or else, if ye be wroth, ye may avenged be.
Roister. By Cock's precious potstick! and e'en so I shall;
I will utterly destroy her, and house, and all.
But I would be avenged, in the mean space,
On that vile scribbler that did my wooing disgrace,
Merrygreek. Scribbler (ko you)? Indeed, he is worthy no less.
I will call him to you, and ye bid me, doubtless.
Roister. Yes, for although he had as many lives
As a thousand widows, and a thousand wives,
As a thousand lions, and a thousand rats,
A thousand wolves, and a thousand cats,
A thousand bulls, and a thousand calves,
And a thousand legions divided in halves—
He shall never 'scape death on my sword's point,
Though I should be torn therefore joint by joint.

Merrygreek. Nay, if ye will kill him, I will not fet him,
I will not in so much extremity set him.
He may yet amend, sir, and be an honest man;
Therefore, pardon him, good soul, as much as ye can.
Roister. Well, for thy sake, this once with his life he shall pass;
But I will hew him all to pieces, by the mass!—
Merrygreek. Nay, faith! ye shall promise that he shall no harm have,
Else I will not fet him.
Roister. I shall, so God me save!
But I may chide him a good.
Merrygreek. Yea, that do hardily.
Roister. Go then!
Merrygreek. I return, and bring him to you by and by. [*Ex.*

ACTUS III., SCÆNA V.

ROISTER DOISTER. MATTHEW MERRYGREEK. SCRIVENER.

Roister. What is a gentleman, but his word and his promise?
I must now save this villain's life in any wise;
And yet at him already my hands do tickle,
I shall unneth hold them, they will be so fickle.
But lo, and Merrygreek have not brought him sens!
[*Enter Merrygreek and Scrivener at one side.*
Merrygreek. Nay, I would I had of my purse paid fortypence.
Scrivener. So would I too; but it needed not that stound.

Merrygreek. But the gentman had rather spent five thousand pound;
For it disgraced him at least five times so much.
Scrivener. He disgraced himself, his loutishness is such.
Roister. How long they stand prating. (*To Merrygreek.*) Why com'st thou not away?
Merrygreek (*to Scrivener*). Come now to himself, and hark what he will say.
Scrivener. I am not afraid in his presence to appear.
Roister. Art thou come, fellow?
Scrivener. How think you? Am I not here?
Roister. What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villainy!
Scrivener. It hath come of thyself, if thou hast had any.
Roister. All the stock thou comest of, later or rather,
From thy first father's grandfather's father's father,
Nor all that shall come of thee, to the world's end,
Though to three score generations they descend,
Can be able to make me a just recompense
For this trespass of thine and this one offence.
Scrivener. Wherein?
Roister. Did not you make me a letter, brother?
Scrivener. Pay the like hire, I will make you such an other.
Roister. Nay, see! and these whoreson Pharisees and Scribes

Do not get their living by polling and bribes;
If it were not for shame——

[*Advances to strike the Scrivener.*

Scrivener. Nay, hold thy hands still.

Merrygreek. Why, did ye not promise that ye would not him spill?

Scrivener [*prepares to fight*]. Let him not spare me.

[*Strikes Roister.*]

Roister. Why, wilt thou strike me again?

Scrivener. Ye shall have as good as ye bring of me, that is plain.

Merrygreek. I cannot blame him, sir, though your blows would him grieve;
For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye give.

Roister. Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon.

Scrivener. And what say ye to me? or else I will be gone.

Roister. I say, the letter thou madest me was not good.

Scrivener. Then did ye wrong copy it, of likelihood.

Roister. Yes, out of thy copy, word for word, I wrote.

Scrivener. Then was it as ye prayed to have it, I wot:
But in reading and pointing there was made some fault.

Roister. I wot not; but it made all my matter to halt.

Scrivener. How say you, is this mine original or no?

Roister. The self same that I wrote out of, so mote I go.

Scrivener. Look you on your own fist, and I will look on this,

[*Roister has got his own copy back from Custance.*]

And let this man be judge whether I read amiss.

[*He reads.*]

To mine own dear coney, bird, sweetheart, and pigsny,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by.

How now? doth not this superscription agree?

Roister. Read that is within, and there ye shall the fault see.

Scrivener [*continues reading*]. *Sweet mistress, whereas I love you; nothing at all*
Regarding your richesse and substance; chief of all [*wit*
For your personage, beauty, demeanour, and
I commend me unto you; never a whit
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare;
For (as I hear say) such your conditions are
That ye be worthy favour; of no living man
To be abhorred; of every honest man
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice
Nothing at all; to virtue giving her due price.
Wherefore, concerning marriage, ye are thought
Such a fine paragon as ne'er honest man bought.
And now, by these presents, I do you advertise
That I am minded to marry you; in no wise
For your goods and substance; I can be content
To take you as you are; if ye will be my wife
Ye shall be assured for the time of my life

I will keep you right well; from good raiment and fare
Ye shall not be kept; but in sorrow and care
Ye shall in no wise live; at your own liberty
Do and say what ye lust; ye shall never please me
But when ye are merry; I will be all sad
When ye are sorry; I will be very glad
When ye seek your heart's ease; I will be unkind
At no time; in me shall ye much gentleness find.
But all things contrary to your will and mind
Shall be done otherwise; I will not be behind
To speak; and as for all them that would do you wrong
(I will so help and maintain ye) shall not live long.
Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you; but I
I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
Thus, good mistress Custance, the Lord you save and keep,
From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep,
Who favoureth you no less (ye may be bold)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold.

Now, sir, what default can ye find in this letter?

Roister. Of truth, in my mind, there cannot be a better.

Scrivener. Then was the fault in reading, and not in writing,
No, nor, I dare say, in the form of inditing.
But who read this letter, that it sounded so naught?

Merrygreek. I read it, indeed.
Scrivener. Ye read it not as ye ought.
Roister. Why, thou wretched villain, was all this same fault in thee?
[*Advances angrily to Merrygreek.*
Merrygreek [*strikes Roister*]. I knock your costard, if ye offer to strike me.
Roister. Strikest thou indeed, and I offer but in jest?
Merrygreek. Yea, and rap ye again, except ye can sit in rest.
And I will no longer tarry here, me believe.
Roister. What, wilt thou be angry, and I do thee forgive?
Fare thou well, scribbler; I cry thee mercy indeed!
Scrivener. Fare ye well, bibbler, and worthily may ye speed!
Roister. If it were another but thou, it were a knave!
Merrygreek. Ye are another yourself, sir, the Lord us both save!
Albeit, in this matter, I must your pardon crave.
Alas! would ye wish in me the wit that ye have?
But, as for my fault, I can quickly amend;
I will show Custance it was I that did offend.
Roister. By so doing her anger may be reformed.
Merrygreek. But if by no entreaty she will be turned,
Then set light by her, and be as testy as she,
And do your force upon her with extremity.
Roister. Come on, therefore! let us go home in sadness.

Merrygreek. That if force shall need, all may be in a readiness;
And as for this letter, hardily let all go;
We will know, whe'er she refuse you for that or no.

[*Exeant amb*[*o*].

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 1.

SIM. SURESBY.

Suresby. Is there any man but I, Sim. Suresby, alone
That would have taken such an enterprise him upon;
In such an outrageous tempest as this was,
Such a dangerous gulf of the sea to pass?
I think, verily, Neptune's mighty godship
Was angry with some that was in our ship;
And, but for the honesty which in me he found,
I think for the others' sake we had been drown'd.
But fie on that servant which, for his master's wealth,
Will stick for to hazard both his life and his health!
My master Gawin Goodluck after me a day,
Because of the weather, thought best his ship to stay;
And now that I have the rough surges so well passed,
God grant I may find all things safe here at last.
Then will I think all my travail well spent.
Now, the first point wherefore my master hath me sent
Is to salute dame Christian Custance, his wife

Espoused, whom he tendreth no less than his life.
I must see how it is with her, well or wrong;
And whether for him she doth not now think long.
Then to other friends I have a message or tway;
And then so to return and meet him on the way.
Now will I go knock, that I may dispatch with speed;
But lo! forth cometh herself happily indeed.

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 2.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. SIM. SURESBY.

Custance. I come to see if any more stirring be here—
But what stranger is this, which doth to me appear?
Suresby. I will speak to her. Dame, the Lord you save and see!
Custance. What, friend Sim. Suresby? Forsooth, right welcome ye be!
How doth mine own Gawin Goodluck, I pray thee tell?
Suresby. When he knoweth of your health, he will be perfect well.
Custance. If he have perfect health, I am as I would be.
Suresby. Such news will please him well. This is as it should be.
Custance. I think now long for him.
Suresby. And he as long for you.
Custance. When will he be at home?
Suresby. His heart is here e'en now;

His body cometh after.

Custance. I would see that fain.

Suresby. As fast as wind and sail can carry it a-main.

But what two men are yond, coming hitherwards?

Custance. Now I shrew their best Christmas cheeks both togetherward.

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 3.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. SIM. SURESBY. RALPH ROISTER. MATTHEW MERRYGREEK. TRUEPENNY.

Custance. What mean these lewd fellows thus to trouble me still?

Sim. Suresby here, perchance, shall thereof deem some ill;

And shall suspect in me some point of naughtiness,

And they come hitherward. [*Aside.*

Suresby. What is their business?

Custance. I have nought to them, nor they to me, in sadness.

Suresby. Let us hearken them; somewhat there is, I fear it.

Roister. I will speak out aloud best, that she may hear it.

Merrygreek. Nay, alas! ye may so fear her out of her wit.

Roister. By the cross of my sword! I will hurt her no whit.

Merrygreek. Will ye do no harm indeed? Shall I trust your word?

Roister. By Roister Doister's faith! I will speak but in bord.

Suresby. Let us hearken them; somewhat there is, I fear it.

Roister. I will speak out aloud, I care not who hear it.—

Sirs, see that my harness, my target and my shield
Be made as bright now, as when I was last in field:
As white, as I should to war again to-morrow;
For sick shall I be, but I work some folk sorrow.
Therefore, see that all shine as bright as Saint George;
Or, as doth a key, newly come from the smith's forge.
I would have my sword and harness to shine so bright,
That I might therewith dim mine enemies' sight;
I would have it cast beams as fast, I tell you plain,
As doth the glitt'ring grass after a shower of rain.
And see that, in case I should need to come to arming,
All things may be ready at a minute's warning.
For such chance may chance in an hour—do ye hear?

Merrygreek. As perchance shall not chance again in seven year.

Roister. Now, draw we near to her, and hear what shall be said.

[*Advances towards Custance.*]

Merrygreek. But I would not have you make her too much afraid.

Roister. Well found, sweet wife, (I trust) for all this your sour look.
Custance. Wife! Why call ye me wife?
Suresby (*aside*). Wife! This gear goeth a-crook.
Merrygreek. Nay, Mistress Custance, I warrant you our letter
Is not as we read e'en now, but much better;
And where ye half stomached this gentleman afore
For this same letter, ye will love him now therefore;
Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a queen,
That should break marriage between you twain, I ween.
Custance. I did not refuse him for the letter's sake.
Roister. Then ye are content me for your husband to take?
Custance. You for my husband to take!
Nothing less truly?
Roister. Yea, say so, sweet spouse! afore strangers hardily.
Merrygreek. And though I have here his letter of love with me,
Yet his rings and tokens he sent keep safe with ye.
Custance. A mischief take his tokens, and him, and thee too!
But what prate I with fools? Have I nought else to do?
Come in with me, Sim. Suresby, to take some repast.
Suresby. I must, ere I drink, by your leave, go in all haste

To a place or two with earnest letters of his.
Custance. Then come drink here with me.
Suresby. I thank you.
Custance. Do not miss.
You shall have a token to your master with you.
Suresby. No tokens this time, gramercies! God be with you! [*Exeat.*
Custance. Surely, this fellow misdeemeth some ill in me;
Which thing, but God help, will go near to spill me.
Roister. Yea, farewell, fellow! and tell thy master Goodluck
That he cometh too late of this blossom to pluck.
Let him keep him there still, or at least-wise make no haste;
As for his labour hither he shall spend in waste.
His betters be in place now.
Merrygreek [*aside*]. As long as it will hold.
Custance (*aside*). I will be even with thee, thou beast, thou may'st be bold.
Roister. Will ye have us then?
Custance. I will never have thee!
Roister. Then will I have you!
Custance. No, the devil shall have thee.
I have gotten, this hour, more shame and harm by thee
Than all thy life-days thou canst do me honesty.
Merrygreek [*to Roister*]. Why, now may ye see what it com'th to in the end,
To make a deadly foe of your most loving friend—

And i-wis this letter, if ye would hear it now—

Custance. I will hear none of it.

Merrygreek [*to Custance*]. In faith! ['t]would ravish you.

Custance. He hath stained my name for ever, this is clear.

Roister. I can make all as well in an hour—

Merrygreek [*aside*]. As ten year—

[*To Custance*] How say ye, will ye have him?

Custance. No.

Merrygreek. Will ye take him?

Custance. I defy him.

Merrygreek. At my word?

Custance. A shame take him!

Waste no more wind, for it will never be.

Merrygreek. This one fault with twain shall be mended, ye shall see.

Gentle Mistress Custance now, good Mistress Custance.

Honey Mistress Custance now, sweet Mistress Custance.

Golden Mistress Custance now, white Mistress Custance.

Silken Mistress Custance now, fair Mistress Custance.

Custance. Faith! rather than to marry with such a doltish lout,

I would match myself with a beggar, out of doubt.

Merrygreek. Then I can say no more; to speed we are not like,

Except ye rap out a rag of your rhetoric.

Custance. Speak not of winning me; for it shall never be so.

Roister. Yes, dame, I will have you, whether ye will or no.
I command you to love me! wherefore should ye not?
Is not my love to you chafing and burning hot?
Merrygreek. To her! that is well said.
Roister. Shall I so break my brain,
To doat upon you, and ye not love us again?
Merrygreek. Well said yet.
Custance. Go to, you goose.
Roister. I say, Kit Custance,
In case ye will not haze, well; better yes, perchance.
Custance. Avaunt, losel! pick thee hence!
Merrygreek. Well, sir, ye perceive,
For all your kind offer, she will not you receive.
Roister. Then a straw for her, and a straw for her again!
She shall not be my wife, would she never so fain;
No, and though she would be at ten thousand pound cost.
Merrygreek. Lo, dame! ye may see what an husband ye have lost.
Custance. Yea, no force; a jewel much better lost than found.
Merrygreek. Ah! ye will not believe how this doth my heart wound.
How should a marriage between you be toward,
If both parties draw back, and become so froward?
Roister [*advancing threateningly to Custance*]. Nay, dame, I will fire thee out of thy house,

And destroy thee and all thine, and that by and by.

Merrygreek. Nay, for the passion of God, sir, do not so!

Roister. Yes, except she will say yea to that she said no.

Custance. And what, be there no officers, trow we, in town,
To check idle loiterers, bragging up and down?
Where be they by whom vagabonds should be represt,
That poor silly widows might live in peace and rest?
Shall I never rid thee out of my company?
I will call for help. What, ho! come forth, Truepenny!

Truepenny [*entering*]. Anon! What is your will, Mistress? Did ye call me?

Custance. Yea: go, run apace, and, as fast as may be,
Pray Tristram Trusty, my most assured friend,
To be here by and by, that he may me defend!

Truepenny. That message so quickly shall be done, by God's grace!
That at my return ye shall say, I went apace.
[*Exeat.*

Custance. Then shall we see, I trow, whether ye shall do me harm.

Roister. Yes, in faith, Kit! I shall thee and thine so charm,
That all women incarnate by thee may beware.

Custance. Nay, as for charming me, come hither if thou dare.
I shall clout thee till thou stink, both thee and thy train,

And coil thee mine own hands, and send thee home again.

Roister. Yea, say'st thou me that, dame? Dost thou me threaten?

Go we, I will see whether I shall be beaten.

Merrygreek. Nay, for the paishe of God! let me now treat peace;

For bloodshed will there be, in case this strife increase.

Ah, good dame Custance, take better way with you!

Custance. Let him do his worst!

Merrygreek [*to Custance as Roister advances to strike her*]. Yield in time.

Roister [*to Merrygreek as he is beaten back by Custance*]. Come hence, thou!

[*Exeant Roister and Merrygreek.*

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 4.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. ANNOT ALYFACE. TIBET TALKAPACE. MADGE MUMBLECRUST.

Custance. So, sirrah! If I should not with him take this way,

I should not be rid of him, I think, till doom's day.

I will call forth my folks, that without any mocks,

If he come again, we may give him raps and knocks.

Madge Mumblecrust, come forth! and Tibet Talkapace!

Yea, and come forth too, Mistress Annot Alyface!

Alyface. I come.

Talkapace. And I am here.

Mumblecrust. And I am here too, at length.
Custance. Like warriors, if need be, ye must show your strength.
The man that this day hath thus beguiled you
Is Ralph Roister Doister, whom ye know well enou';
The most lout and dastard that ever on ground trod.
Talkapace. I see all folk mock him, when he goeth abroad.
Custance. What, pretty maid? will ye talk when I speak?
Talkapace. No, forsooth, good mistress!
Custance. Will ye my tale break?
He threateneth to come hither with all his force to fight;
I charge you, if he come: on him with all your might!
Mumblecrust. I with my distaff will reach him one rap.
Talkapace. And I with my new broom will sweep him one swap;
And then with our great club I will reach him one rap—
Alyface. And I with our skimmer will fling him one flap.
Talkapace. Then Truepenny's fire-fork will him shrewdly fray:
And you with the spit may drive him quite away.
Custance. Go, make all ready, that it may be e'en so.
Talkapace. For my part, I shrew them that last about it go. [*Exeant.*

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 5.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. TRUEPENNY. TRISTRAM TRUSTY.

Custance. Truepenny did promise me to run a great pace,
My friend Tristram Trusty to set into this place.
Indeed, he dwelleth hence a good start, I confess;
But yet a quick messenger might twice since, as I guess,
Have gone and come again. Ah! yond I spy him now.
Truepenny (to Trusty). Ye are a slow goer, sir, I make God a vow!
My Mistress Custance will in me put all the blame;
Your legs be longer than mine: come apace, for shame!
Custance. I can thee thank, Truepenny; thou hast done right well.
Truepenny. Mistress, since I went, no grass hath grown on my heel:
But Master Tristram Trusty here maketh no speed.
Custance. That he came at all, I thank him in very deed;
For now have I need of the help of some wise man.
Trusty. Then may I be gone again, for none such I am.
Truepenny. Ye may be by your going; for no Alderman
Can go, I dare say, a sadder pace than ye can.

Custance. Truepenny, get thee in! thou shalt among them know
How to use thyself like a proper man, I trow!
Truepenny. I go. [*Exit.*
Custance. Now, Tristram Trusty, I thank you right much;
For at my first sending to come ye never grutch.
Trusty. Dame Custance, God ye save! and while my life shall last,
For my friend Goodluck's sake ye shall not send in waste.
Custance. He shall give you thanks.
Trusty. I will do much for his sake!
Custance. But alack! I fear great displeasure shall he take,
Trusty. Wherefore?
Custance. For a foolish matter.
Trusty. What is your cause?
Custance. I am ill accumbred with a couple of daws.
Trusty. Nay, weep not, woman! but tell me what your cause is—
As concerning my friend is anything amiss?
Custance. No, not on my part; but here was Sim. Suresby—
Trusty. He was with me, and told me so.
Custance. And he stood by
While Ralph Roister Doister, with help of Merrygreek,
For promise of marriage did unto me seek.
Trusty. And had ye made any promise before them twain?
Custance. No! I had rather be torn in pieces and flain!

No man hath my faith and troth but Gawin Goodluck;
And that before Suresby did I say, and there stuck—
But of certain letters there were such words spoken—
Trusty. He told me that too.
Custance. And of a ring and token;
That Suresby, I spied, did more than half suspect
That I my faith to Gawin Goodluck did reject.
Trusty. But there was no such matter, Dame Custance, indeed?
Custance. If ever my head thought it, God send me ill speed!
Wherefore, I beseech you, with me to be a witness,
That in all my life I never intended thing less.
And what a brainsick fool Ralph Roister Doister is,
Yourself knows well enough.
Trusty. Ye say full true, i-wis.
Custance. Because to be his wife I ne grant nor apply;
Hither will he come, he sweareth, by and by,
To kill both me and mine, and beat down my house flat;
Therefore I pray your aid.
Trusty. I warrant you that!
Custance. Have I so many years lived a sober life,
And showed myself honest—maid, widow, and wife—
And now to be abused in such a vile sort?
Lo see how poor widows live, all void of comfort!

Trusty. I warrant him do you no harm nor wrong at all.

Custance. No, but Matthew Merrygreek doth me most appal—

That he would join himself with such a wretched lout.

Trusty. He doth it for a jest, I know him out of doubt.

And here cometh Merrygreek.

Custance. Then shall we hear his mind.

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 6.

MERRYGREEK. CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. TRIST[RAM] TRUSTY.

Merrygreek. Custance and Trusty both, I do you here well find.

Custance. Ah! Matthew Merrygreek, ye have used me well!

Merrygreek. Now, for altogether, ye must your answer tell—

Will ye have this man, woman! or else will ye not?

Else will he come, never boar so brim, nor toast so hot.

Custance. But why join ye with him?

Trusty. For mirth?

Custance. Or else in sadness?

Merrygreek. The more fond of you both! hardily the matter guess!

Trusty. Lo! how say ye, dame?

Merry. Why, do ye think, dame Custance,

That in this wooing I have meant ought but pastance?

Custance. Much things ye spake, I wot, to maintain his dotage.

Merrygreek. But well might ye judge, I spake it all in mockage;
For why? is Roister Doister a fit husband for you?
Trusty. I dare say ye never thought it.
Merrygreek. No, to God I vow!
And did not I know afore of the insurance
Between Gawin Goodluck and Christian Custance?
And did not I for the nonce, by my conveyance,
Read his letter in a wrong sense for dalliance?
That if you could have take it up at the first bound,
We should thereat such a sport and pastime have found,
That all the whole town should have been the merrier.
Custance. Ill ache your heads both! I was never wearier,
Nor never more vexed since the first day I was born.
Trusty. But very well I wist, he here did all in scorn.
Custance. But I feared thereof to take dishonesty.
Merrygreek. This should both have made sport, and showed your honesty;
And Goodluck, I dare swear, your wit therein would 'low.
Trusty. Yea, being no worse than we know it to be now.
Merrygreek. And nothing yet too late: for, when I come to him,
Hither will he repair with a sheep's look full grim,

By plain force and violence to drive you to yield.

Custance. If ye two bid me, we will with him pitch a field,
I and my maids together.

Merrygreek. Let us see; be bold!

Custance. Ye shall see women's war.

Trusty. That fight will I behold.

Merrygreek. If occasion serve, taking his part full brim,
I will strike at you, but the rap shall light on him.
When we first appear—

Custance. Then will I run away,
As though I were afeard.

Trusty. Do you that part well play,
And I will sue for peace.

Merry. And I will set him on;
Then will he look as fierce as a Cotsold lion.

Trusty. But when goest thou for him?

Merry. That do I very now.

Custance. Ye shall find us here.

Merrygreek. Well, God have mercy on you.
[*Exit.*

Trusty. There is no cause of fear; the least boy in the street—

Custance. Nay, the least girl I have, will make him take his feet.
But, hark! me-think they make preparation.

Trusty. No force, it will be a good recreation.

Custance. I will stand within, and step forth speedily,
And so make as though I ran away dreadfully.

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 7.

R. ROISTER. M. MERRYGREEK. C. CUSTANCE. D. DOUGHTY. HARPAX. TRISTRAM TRUSTY.

Roister. Now, sirs, keep your 'ray, and see your hearts be stout.
But where be these caitiffs? Me-think they dare not rout.
How sayest thou, Merrygreek? What doth Kit Custance say?
Merrygreek. I am loth to tell you.
Roister. Tush, speak, man! Yea or nay?
Merrygreek. Forsooth, sir! I have spoken for you all that I can;
But if ye win her, ye must e'en play the man:
E'en to fight it out ye must a man's heart take.
Roister. Yes, they shall know, and thou knowest, I have a stomach.
Merrygreek. A stomach (quod you)? yea, as good as e'er man had.
Roister. I trow, they shall find and feel that I am a lad.
Merrygreek. By this cross, I have seen you eat your meat as well
As any that e'er I have seen of, or heard tell.
A stomach, quod you? He that will that deny,
I know was never at dinner in your company.
Roister. Nay, the stomach of a man it is that I mean.
Merrygreek. Nay, the stomach of an horse or a dog, I ween.
Roister. Nay, a man's stomach with a weapon, mean I.
Merrygreek. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoon in a pie.

Roister. Nay, the stomach of a man to try in strife.

Merrygreek. I never saw your stomach cloyed yet in my life.

Roister. Tush! I mean in strife or fighting to try.

Merrygreek. We shall see how ye will strike now, being angry.

Roister [*strikes Merrygreek*]. Have at thy pate then, and save thy head, if thou may.

Merrygreek [*strikes back at Roister*]. Nay, then, have at your pate again, by this day!

Roister. Nay, thou mayest not strike at me again in no wise.

Merrygreek. I cannot in fight make to you such warrantise;

But as for your foes here let them the bargain by.

Roister. Nay, as for they, shall every mother's child die.

And in this my fume a little thing might make me

To beat down house and all, and else the devil take me!

Merrygreek. If I were as ye be, by Gog's dear mother!

I would not leave one stone upon another

Though she would redeem it with twenty thousand pounds.

Roister. It shall be even so, by his lily wounds!

Merrygreek. Be not at one with her upon any amends.

Roister. No, though she make to me never so many friends.

Nor if all the world for her would undertake—

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No, not God himself—neither shall not her peace make.
On therefore, march forward—soft, stay a while yet!

Merrygreek. On!

Roister. Tarry!

Merrygreek. Forth!

Roister. Back!

Merrygreek. On!

Roister. Soft! Now forward set! [*they march against the house.*]

Enter C. Custance.

Custance. What business have we here? Out! alas, alas! [*retires for fun*]

Roister. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Didst thou see that, Merrygreek? how afraid she was?
Didst thou see how she fled apace out of my sight?
Ah, good sweet Custance! I pity her, by this light!

Merrygreek. That tender heart of yours will mar altogether;
Thus will ye be turned with wagging of a feather.

Roister. On, sirs, keep your 'ray!

Merrygreek. On forth! while this gear is hot.

Roister. Soft, the Arms of Calais! I have one thing forgot.

Merrygreek. What lack we now?

Roister. Retire, or else we be all slain.

Merrygreek. Back, for the pash of God! back, sirs, back again!
What is the great matter?

Roister. This hasty forth-going
Had almost brought us all to utter undoing;
It made me forget a thing most necessary.
Merrygreek. Well remembered of a captain, by Saint Mary!
Roister. It is a thing must be had.
Merrygreek. Let us have it then.
Roister. But I wot not where nor how.
Merrygreek. Then wot not I when.
But what is it?
Roister. Of a chief thing I am to seek.
Merrygreek. Tut! so will ye be, when ye have studied a week. [*Aside.*
But tell me what it is?
Roister. I lack yet an headpiece.
Merrygreek. The kitchen collocavit, the best hens to grease;
Run, fet it, Dobinet! and come at once withal;
And bring with thee my potgun, hanging by the wall. [*Doughty goes.*]
I have seen your head with it, full many a time,
Covered as safe as it had been with a scrine;
And I warrant it save your head from any stroke,
Except perchance to be amazed with the smoke;
I warrant your head therewith, except for the mist,
As safe as if it were fast locked up in a chist.
[*Doughty returns.*]
And lo, here our Dobinet cometh with it now.
Doughty. It will cover me to the shoulders well enou'.
Merrygreek. Let me see it on.
Roister. In faith! it doth meetly well.

Merrygreek. There can be no fitter thing.
Now ye must us tell
What to do.
Roister. Now forth in 'ray, sirs, and stop no more.
Merrygreek. Now, Saint George to borrow!
Drum, dub-a-dub afore! [*Trusty enters.*]
Trusty. What mean you to do, sir? Commit manslaughter?
Roister. To kill forty such is a matter of laughter.
Trusty. And who is it, sir, whom ye intend thus to spill?
Roister. Foolish Custance here forceth me against my will.
Trusty. And is there no mean your extreme wrath to slake?
She shall some amends unto your good mashipmake.
Roister. I will none amends.
Trusty. Is her offence so sore?
Merrygreek. And he were a lout she could have done no more.
She hath call'd him fool, and 'dressed him like a fool,
Mocked him like a fool, used him like a fool.
Trusty. Well, yet the Sheriff, the Justice or Constable,
Her misdemeanour to punish might be able.
Roister. No, sir, I mine own self will, in this present cause,
Be Sheriff and Justice, and whole Judge of the laws.
This matter to amend all officers be I shall:
Constable, Bailiff, Sergeant—
Merrygreek. And hangman, and all!

[*Aside.*

Trusty. Yet a noble courage and the heart of a man
Should more honour win by bearing with a woman.
Therefore take the law, and let her answer thereto.

Roister. Merrygreek, the best way were even so to do.
What honour should it be with a woman to fight?

Merrygreek. And what, then, will ye thus forego and lese your right?

Roister. Nay, I will take the law on her withouten grace.

Trusty. Or, if your maship could pardon this one trespass—
I pray you, forgive her.

Roister. Hoh!

Merrygreek. Tush, tush, sir, do not!

Trusty. Be good, master, to her!

Roister. Hoh!

Merrygreek. Tush, I say, do not!
And what! shall your people here return straight home?

Trusty. Yea, levy the camp, sirs, and hence again each one.

Roister. But be still in readiness, if I hap to call;
I cannot tell what sudden chance may befall.

Merrygreek. Do not off your harness, sirs, I you advise—
At the least for this fortnight, in no manner wise.
Perchance in an hour, when all ye think least,
Our master's appetite to fight will be best.

But soft, ere ye go, have once at Custance' house.

Roister. Soft, what wilt thou do?

Merrygreek. Once discharge my arquebus;

And for my heart's ease, have once more with my potgun.

Roister. Hold thy hands! else is all our purpose clean fordone.

Merrygreek. And it cost me my life!

Roister. I say, thou shalt not.

Merrygreek [*in mock assault*]. By the matt, but I will! Have once more with hail-shot!

I will have some pennyworth; I will not lese all.

ACTUS IV., SCÆNA 8.

M. Merrygreek. C. Custance. R. Roister. Tib. Talkapace. An. Alyface. M. Mumblecrust. Truepenny. Dobinet Doughty. Harpax.

Two drums with their Ensigns.

Custance. What caitiffs are those, that so shake my house wall?

Merrygreek. Ah, sirrah! now Custance, if ye had so much wit,

I would see you ask pardon, and yourselves submit.

Custance. Have I still this ado with a couple of fools?

Merrygreek. Hear ye what she saith?

Custance. Maidens, come forth with your tools!

Roister. In a 'ray!

Merrygreek. Dubba-dub, sirrah!

Roister. In a 'ray!

They come suddenly on us.
Merrygreek. Dub-a-dub-dub!
Roister. In a 'ray!
That ever I was born! we are taken tardy.
Merrygreek. Now, sirs, quit yourselves like tall men and hardy.
Custance. On afore, Truepenny! Hold thine own, Annot!
On toward them, Tibet, for 'scape us they cannot!
Come forth, Madge Mumblecrust! so, stand fast together.
Merrygreek. God send us a fair day!
Roister. See, they march on hither.
Talkapace. But, mistress—
Custance. What say'st thou?
Talkapace. Shall I go fet our goose?
Custance. What to do?
Talkapace. To yonder Captain I will turn her loose.
And she gape and hiss at him, as she doth at me,
I durst jeopard my hand she will make him flee.
Custance. On forward!
Roister. They come.
Merrygreek. Stand!
Roister. Hold!
Merrygreek. Keep!
Roister. There!
Merrygreek. Strike!
Roister. Take heed!
Custance. Well said, Truepenny!
Truepenny. Ah, whoresons!
Custance. Well done, indeed!
Merrygreek. Hold thine own, Harpax! Down with them, Dobinet!

Custance. Now, Madge; there, Annot; now stick them, Tibet!

Talkapace [*against Doughty*]. All my chief quarrel is to this same little knave,
That beguiled me last day; nothing shall him save.

Doughty. Down with this little quean, that hath at me such spite!
Save you from her, master! it is a very sprite.

Custance. I myself will mounsire graunde captain undertake.
[*Advances against Roister.*]

Roister. They win ground!

Merrygreek. Save yourself, sir, for God's sake!

Roister [*retiring, beaten*]. Out, alas! I am slain; help!

Merrygreek. Save yourself!

Roister. Alas!

Merrygreek. Nay, then, have at you, mistress!

Roister. Thou hittest me, alas!

Merrygreek [*pretending to strike Custance, he hits Roister*]. I will strike at Custance here [*again hitting at Roister*].

Roister. Thou hittest me!

Merrygreek (*aside*). So I will.
Nay, mistress Custance.

Roister. Alas! thou hittest me still.
Hold!

Merrygreek. Save yourself, sir!

Roister. Help! out alas! I am slain.

Merrygreek. Truce, hold your hands! truce, for a pissing while or twain.
Nay, how say you, Custance, for saving of your life,

Will ye yield, and grant to be this gentleman's wife?

Custance. Ye told me he loved me; call ye this love?

Merrygreek. He loved a while, even like a turtle-dove.

Custance. Gay love, God save it! so soon hot, so soon cold!

Merrygreek. I am sorry for you: he could love you yet, so he could.

Roister. Nay, by Cock's precious! she shall be none of mine.

Merrygreek. Why so?

Roister. Come away, by the matt, she is mankine.

I durst adventure the loss of my right hand.
If she did not slee her other husband.
And see, if she prepare not again to fight!

Merrygreek. What then? Saint George to borrow, our Lady's knight!

Roister. Slee else whom she will, by Gog! she shall not slee me.

Merrygreek. How then?

Roister. Rather than to be slain, I will flee.

Custance. To it again, my knightesses! down with them all!

Roister. Away, away, away! she will else kill us all.

Merrygreek. Nay, stick to it, like an hardy man and a tall.

Roister. O bones, thou hittest me! Away, or else die we shall.

Merrygreek. Away, for the pash of our sweet Lord Jesus Christ!

Custance. Away, lout and lubber, or I shall be thy priest!

[*Exeant Roister and his friends.*]

So this field is ours; we have driven them all away.

Talkapace. Thanks to God, mistress, ye have had a fair day.

Custance. Well, now go ye in, and make yourself some good cheer.

Omnes Pariter. We go.

[*Exeant Custance's amazons.*]

Trusty. Ah, sir! what a field we have had here.

Custance. Friend Tristram! I pray you be a witness with me.

Trusty. Dame Custance! I shall depose for your honesty.

And now fare ye well, except something else ye would.

Custance. Not now, but when I need to send, I will be bold.

I thank you for these pains. [*Exeat Trusty.*]

And now I will get me in.

Now Roister Doister will no more wooing begin. [*Ex.*

ACTUS V., SCÆNA 1.

GAWIN GOODLUCK. SIM. SURESBY.

Goodluck. Sim. Suresby, my trusty man, now advise thee well,

And see that no false surmises thou me tell.

Was there such ado about Custance, of a truth?

Suresby. To report that I heard and saw to me is ruth;

But both my duty, and name, and property,
Warneth me to you to show fidelity.
It may be well enough, and I wish it so to be.
She may herself discharge, and try her honesty;
Yet their claim to her, me-thought, was very large,
For with letters, rings, and tokens they did her charge.
Which when I heard and saw, I would none to you bring.
Goodluck. No, by Saint Mary! I allow thee in that thing.
Ah sirrah! now I see truth in the proverb old:
All things that shineth is not by and by pure gold.
If any do live a woman of honesty,
I would have sworn Christian Custance had been she.
Suresby. Sir, though I to you be a servant true and just,
Yet do not ye therefore your faithful spouse mistrust;
But examine the matter, and if ye shall it find
To be all well, be not ye for my words unkind.
Goodluck. I shall do that is right, and as I see cause why—
But here cometh Custance forth; we shall know by and by.

ACTUS V., SCÆNA 2.

C. Custance. Gawin Goodluck. Sim. Suresby.

Custance. I come forth to see and hearken for news good;
For about this hour is the time, of likelihood,
That Gawin Goodluck, by the sayings of Suresby,
Would be at home; and lo! yond I see him, I!
What, Gawin Goodluck! the only hope of my life,
Welcome home, and kiss me your true espoused wife.

Goodluck. Nay, soft, dame Custance! I must first, by your licence,
See whether all things be clear in your conscience.
I hear of your doings to me very strange.

Custance. What! fear ye that my faith towards you should change?

Goodluck. I must needs mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled,
For I hear that certain men with you have wrangled
About the promise of marriage by you to them made.

Custance. Could any man's report therein your mind persuade?

Goodluck. Well, you must therein declare yourself to stand clear,
Else I and you, dame Custance, may not join this year.

Custance. Then would I were dead, and fair laid in my grave.

Ah! Suresby, is this the honesty that ye have,
To hurt me with your report, not knowing the thing?

Suresby. If ye be honest, my words can hurt you nothing;
But what I heard and saw, I might not but report.

Custance. Ah, Lord, help poor widows, destitute of comfort!
Truly, most dear spouse, nought was done but for pastance.

Goodluck. But such kind of sporting is homely dalliance.

Custance. If ye knew the truth, ye would take all in good part.

Goodluck. By your leave, I am not half well-skilled in that art.

Custance. It was none but Roister Doister, that foolish mome.

Goodluck. Yea, Custance, better (they say) a bad scuse than none.

Custance. Why, Tristram Trusty, sir, your true and faithful friend,
Was privy both to the beginning and the end.
Let him be the judge, and for me testify.

Goodluck. I will the more credit that he shall verify;
And because I will the truth know, e'en as it is,
I will to him myself, and know all without miss.
Come on, Sim. Suresby, that before my friend thou may
Avouch the same words, which thou did'st to me say. [*Exeant.*

ACTUS V., SCÆNA 3.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.

Custance. O Lord! how necessary it is now of days,
That each body live uprightly all manner ways;
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.
How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought!
And yet see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought!
But thou, Lord, knowest all folks' thoughts, and eke intents;
And thou art the deliverer of all innocents.
Thou didst help the advoutress, that she might be amended;
Much more then help, Lord, that never ill intended.
Thou didst help Susanna, wrongfully accused,
And no less dost thou see, Lord, how I am now abused.
Thou didst help Hester, when she should have died;
Help also, good Lord, that my truth may be tried.
Yet, if Gawin Goodluck with Tristram Trusty speak,
I trust of ill-report the force shall be but weak;
And lo! yond they come, sadly talking together—
I will abide, and not shrink for their coming hither.

ACTUS V., SCÆNA 4.

GAWIN GOODLUCK. TRISTRAM TRUSTY.
C. CUSTANCE. SIM. SURESBY.

Goodluck. And was it none other than ye to me report?

Trusty. No; and here were [ye] wished, to have seen the sport.

Goodluck. Would I had, rather than half of that in my purse.

Suresby. And I do much rejoice the matter was no worse.

And like as to open it I was to you faithful,
So of Dame Custance honest truth I am joyful.
For God forfend that I should hurt her by false report.

Goodluck. Well, I will no longer hold her in discomfort.

[*They draw near to Custance.*]

Custance [*apart*]. Now come they hitherward: I trust all shall be well.

[*They meet.*]

Goodluck. Sweet Custance, neither heart can think, nor tongue tell,
How much I joy in your constant fidelity.
Come now, kiss me, thee, pearl of perfect honesty!

Custance. God let me no longer to continue in life,
Than I shall towards you continue a true wife.

Goodluck. Well, now to make you for this some part of amends,
I shall desire first you, and then such of our friends
As shall to you seem best, to sup at home with me,

Where at your fought field we shall laugh and merry be.

Suresby. And, mistress, I beseech you take with me no grief—

I did a true man's part, not wishing your repreef.

Custance. Though hasty reports, through surmises growing,

May of poor innocents be utter overthrowing;

Yet because to thy master thou hast a true heart,

And I know mine own truth, I forgive thee for my part.

Goodluck. Go we all to my house; and, of this gear, no more!

Go, prepare all things, Sim. Suresby! hence, run afore!

Suresby. I go. [*Ex.*

Goodluck. But who cometh yond? Master Merrygreek?

Custance. Roister Doister's champion; I shrew his best cheek.

Trusty. Roister Doister's self, your wooer, is with him too.

Surely some thing there is with us they have to do.

ACTUS V., SCÆNA 5.

M. Merrygreek. Ralph Roister [*to them*]. Gawin Goodluck. Tristram Trusty. C. Custance.

Merrygreek. Yonder I see Gawin Goodluck, to whom lieth my message.

I will first salute him after his long voyage,

And then make all things well concerning your behalf.

Roister. Yea, for the pash of God!
Merrygreek. Hence! out of sight, ye calf!
Till I have spoken with them, and then I will you fet—
Roister. In God's name. [*Exit.*]
Merrygreek. What, master Gawin Goodluck, well met!
And from your long voyage I bid you right welcome home.
Goodluck. I thank you.
Merrygreek. I come to you from an honest mome.
Goodluck. Who is that?
Merrygreek. Roister Doister, that doughty kite.
Custance. Fie! I can scarce abide ye should his name recite.
Merrygreek. Ye must take him to favour, and pardon all past;
He heareth of your return, and is full ill aghast.
Goodluck. I am right well content he have with us some cheer.
Custance. Fie upon him, beast! then will not I be there.
Goodluck. Why, Custance, do ye hate him more than ye love me?
Custance. But for your mind, sir, where he were, would I not be.
Trusty. He would make us all laugh.
Merrygreek. Ye ne'er had better sport.
Goodluck. I pray you, sweet Custance, let him to us resort.
Custance. To your will I assent.
Merrygreek. Why, such a fool it is,
As no man for good pastime would forego or miss.

Goodluck. Fet him to go with us.
Merrygreek. He will be a glad man. [*Ex.*
Trusty. We must, to make us mirth, maintain him all we can.
And lo! yond he cometh, and Merrygreek with him.
Custance. At his first entrance, ye shall see I will him trim.
But first let us hearken the gentleman's wise talk.
Trusty. I pray you, mark, if ever ye saw crane so stalk.

ACTUS V., SCÆNA 6.

R. Roister. M. Merrygreek. C. Custance. G. Goodluck. T. Trusty. D. Doughty. Harpax.

Roister. May I then be bold?
Merrygreek. I warrant you on my word.
They say they shall be sick, but ye be at their board.
Roister. They were not angry, then?
Merrygreek. Yes, at first, and made strange;
But when I said your anger to favour should change,
And therewith had commended you accordingly,
They were all in love with your maship by and by;
And cried you mercy, that they had done you wrong.
Roister. For why? no man, woman, nor child can hate me long.

Merrygreek. We fear (quod they) he will be avenged one day;
Then for a penny give all our lives we may.
Roister. Said they so indeed?
Merrygreek. Did they? yea, even with one voice.
He will forgive all (quod I). O, how they did rejoice!
Roister. Ha, ha, ha!
Merrygreek. Go fet him (say they), while he is in good mood;
For have his anger who lust, we will not, by the rood!
Roister. I pray God that it be all true, that thou hast me told,
And that she fight no more.
Merrygreek. I warrant you; be bold
To them, and salute them. [*Roister advances.*]
Roister. Sirs, I greet you all well.
Omnes. Your mastership is welcome.
Custance. Saving my quarrel,
For sure I will put you up into the Exchequer.
Merrygreek. Why so? Better nay. Wherefore?
Custance. For an usurer.
Roister. I am no usurer, good mistress, by His arms!
Merrygreek. When took he gain of money to any man's harms?
Custance. Yes, a foul usurer he is, ye shall see else—
Roister. Did'st not thou promise she would pick no mo quarrels?
[*Aside to Merrygreek.*]
Custance. He will lend no blows, but he have in recompense

Fifteen for one, which is too much of conscience.

Roister. Ah dame! by the ancient law of arms, a man

Hath no honour to foil his hands on a woman.

Custance. And where other usurers take their gains yearly,

This man is angry, but he have his by and by.

Goodluck. Sir, do not for her sake bear me your displeasure.

Merrygreek. Well, he shall with you talk thereof more at leisure.

Upon your good usage he will now shake your hand.

Roister. And much heartily welcome from a strange land.

Merrygreek. Be not afeard, Gawin, to let him shake your fist.

Goodluck. O, the most honest gentleman that e'er I wist.

I do beseech your maship to take pain to sup with us.

Merrygreek. He shall not say you nay, (and I too by Jesus!)

Because ye shall be friends, and let all quarrels pass.

Roister. I will be as good friends with them as e'er I was.

Merrygreek. Then, let me fet your quire, that we may have a song.

Roister. Go.

Goodluck. I have heard no melody all this year long.

Merrygreek [*to the musicians whom he has called in*]. Come on, sirs, quickly!

Roister. Sing on, sirs, for my friend's sake!

Doughty. Call ye these your friends?
Roister. Sing on, and no mo words make.
[*Here they sing.*
Goodluck. The Lord preserve our most noble Queen of renown,
And her virtues reward with the heavenly crown.
Custance. The Lord strengthen her most excellent Majesty,
Long to reign over us in all prosperity.
Trusty. That her godly proceedings, the faith to defend,
He may stablish and maintain through to the end.
Merrygreek. God grant her, as she doth, the Gospel to protect,
Learning and virtue to advance, and vice to correct.
Roister. God grant her loving subjects both the mind and grace
Her most godly proceedings worthily to embrace.
Harpax. Her highness most worthy councillors God prosper,
With honour and love of all men to minister.
Omnes. God grant the nobility her to serve and love,
With all the common'ty, as doth them behove!
AMEN.

Certain songs to be sung by those which shall use this Comedy or Interlude.

The Second Song.

[This in the original given here at the end

of the play will now be found on pp. 31–2 in its apparently proper place.]

The Fourth Song.

[See note *supra* and p. 59.]

The Psalmody.

[This because of variations and additions more fittingly finds place here as in the orignal: *cf.* text pp. 53–4.]

Placebo dilexi.
Master Roister Doister will straight go home and die,
Our Lord Jesus Christ his soul have mercy upon:
Thus you see, to-day a man, to-morrow John.
Yet, saving for a woman's extreme cruelty,
He might have lived yet a month, or two, or three;
But in spite of Custance, which hath him wearied,
His mashipshall be worshipfully buried.
And while some piece of his soul is yet him within,
Some part of his funeral let us here begin.
Dirige. He will go darkling to his grave;
Neque lux, neque crux, nisi solum clink;
Never genman so went toward heaven, I think.
Yet, sirs, as ye will the bliss of heaven win,
When he cometh to the grave, lay him softly in;
And all men take heed by this one gentleman,
How you set your love upon an unkind woman;
For these women be all such mad peevish elves,
They will not be won, except it please themselves.

But, in faith, Custance, if ever ye come in hell,
Master Roister Doister shall serve you as well.

Good night, Roger, old knave; farewell, Roger,
old knave;
Good night, Roger, old knave; knave, knap.
Ne quando. Audivi vocem. Requiem æternam.

[For a Note on *Ezechias* and other lost plays by Nicholas Udall, see Note-book, s.v. Udall.]

A NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

INCLUDING

CONTEMPORARY REFERENCES, BIBLIOGRAPHY, VARIORUM READINGS, NOTES, &c., together with a GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES now Archaic or Obsolete; the whole arranged in ONE ALPHABET IN DICTIONARY FORM.

A FOREWORD TO NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

Reference from text to Note-Book is copious, and as complete as may be; so also, conversely, from Note-Book to text. The following pages may, with almost absolute certainty, be consulted on any point that may occur in the course of reading; but more especially as regards

Biographical and other Notes,
Contemporary References to Author and Plays,
Bibliography,
Variorum Readings,
Words and Phrases, now Obsolete or Archaic.

The scheme of reference from Note-Book to text assumes the division, in the mind's eye, of each page into four horizontal sections; which, beginning at the top, are indicated in the Note-Book by the letters a, b, c, d following the page figure. In practice this will be found easy, and an enormous help to the eye over the usual reference to page alone in "fixing" the "catchword." Thus 126a = the first quarter of page 126; 40c = the third quarter of page 40; and so forth.

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NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST TO RALPH ROISTER DOISTER

By Nicholas Udall

A, " this foolish *a* love " (10*b*), here used to lengthen the line. " Here we will abide-*a*."—*Nice Wanton* (E.E.D.S.), 96*c* (1560).

Aby, " full truly *aby* thou shalt " (43*c*), pay for, expiate; also *abi* and *abye*. " I *abye*, I forthynke or am punished for a thynge."—Palsgrave (1530), 415.

Accumbred, " I am ill *accumbred* " (85*c*), perplexed, burdened, encumbered. " Me thynke ye are not gretly with wyt *acomberyd*."—Skelton, *Magnificence*, (*d.* 1529), 2,242.

Advoutress, " thou didst help the *advoutress* " (104*c*), adulteress.

Alderman, " no *alderman* can go . . . a sadder *pace* " (84*d*). " A leasurely walking, slow gate."—Cotgrave, *Dict.*, 1611.

Alie land, " a brute of the *Alie land* " (13*d*), *brute* = gallant, person of distinction: see Brute. *Alie land* may = (*a*) Holy Land, in direct response to the mention of such notable scriptural names as " Goliah " and " Sampson "; or (*b*) *alye* = kindred, neighbouring: in each case with a possible eye upon " ale ": cf. " *Alyface*." " If I myght of myn *alye* ony ther fynde, It would be grett joye onto me."—*Coventry Mysteries*, 145.

Altogether, " for *altogether* " (87*c*), *i.e.* once for all.

Alyface, " Annot *Alyface* " (*passim*), *i.e.* Beery-face: cf. Alie-land, &c.

AMAZED, "*amazed* with the smoke" (93*c*), stupefied, bewildered.

AMBIGUOUS LETTER, REFERENCES, &c., see Roister Doister.

AND (*passim*), if.

A PORTA INFERI, see Mock Requiem.

APPLY, "I ne grant nor *apply*" (86*c*), have thought of.

APPOSE, "he might *appose* me now" (5*a*), puzzle, embarrass, nonplus. "You will *appose* me by and by."—Fulwell (1568), *Like Will to Like* (E.E.D.S. 31*d*).

ARGENT, "a whole peck of *argent*" (28*b*), silver: also generic for money: here = gold (see 34*a*—"he promised to give you a whole peck of gold").

ARMS, "by His *arms*" (10*a*), an oath: also elliptically (as in 56*a*). "At euery other worde you shal heare either woundes, bloud, sides, heart, nailes, foote, or some other part of Christes blessed body sworne by. . . . When thou swearest by his *armes*, thou swearest by his power."—Stubbes, *Anat. of Abuses* (1583), 140 (1836).

ARQUEBUS, "discharge my *arquebus*" (96*a*), an old hand-gun, longer than a musket, and of larger calibre, supported on a rest by a hook of iron fastened to the barrel; it was an improvement on the older hand-gun, which was without a lock. "Henry VII., in establishing the yeomen of the guard in 1485, armed half of them with *arquebuses*, whilst the weapons of the other half were bows and arrows."—James, *Mil. Dict.*

ASSAYS, "I am at all *assays*" (40*d*), ready for all contingencies, "game for anything." "Whither ye shall lead me; I am at all *assays*."—*Jacob and Esau* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, 2 Ser., 53*b*).

AUDIVI VOCEM, see Mock Requiem.

BACKARE, "*Backare*, quod Mortimer to his sow" (12*c*), proverbial: a rebuke to pushfulness or presumption. The allusion is lost, but the meaning is clear—Hands off! Git! It occurs in Heywood and Camden, and and other illustrative examples are many. Baccare! = go back, is employed by Lyly (*Midas*, v. 2), and in *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1. 173—"*Baccare!* you are

marvellous forward." The meaning is that Gawin Goodluck must retire his pretensions to Custance's hand.

BEARS, " the learned at this day *bears* the bell " (4*a*), the northern plural : see Bell.

BEES, " *bees* in his head " (30*c*), still colloquial ; see Edward's *Damon and Pithias* (E.E.D.S., ed.), s.v.

BELDAME, " our old *beldame* " (19*a*), not always used disrespectfully ; see Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, III. 2. 43, and Drayton, *Poly-Olbion*, 6.

BELL, " *bears the bell* " (4*a*), takes precedence, comes first. " Among the Romans it [a horse race] was an Olympic exercise, and the prize was a garland, but now they *beare the bell away.*"—Saltonshall, *Char.*, 23.

BELZABUB, " he wrong a club Once in a fray out of the hand of *Belzebub* " (29*d*), cf. " caught up a club, As though he would have slain the master-devil *Belsabub.*"—*Gammer Gurton,* iv. 2 (E.E.D.S. *Anon. Pl.*, 3 Ser., 134*d*).

BERY, "tril on the *bery* " (41*d*), seemingly the refrain of an old song, " With huffa gallant, sing *tril on the bery.*" —*Four Elements, c.* 1510 (E.E.D.S. *Anon. Pl.*, 1 Ser. 16*a*). " Piping on thine oaten reede upon this little *berry* " (some ycleep a hillock).—Browne, *Brit. Past.* (1613), 1, 2.

BESPOKEN, " I am *bespoken* " (33*c*), promised, affianced.

BEST HENS, see Grease.

BET, " he *bet* the King of Crickets " (29*d*), past tense of *beat* : still dialectical. " I should *bet* whereas now I all the blows get."—*Jack Juggler, c.* 1563 (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 3rd Ser., 18*c*).

BIE, see Abye.

BILLIMENTS, " *billiments* of gold " (40*a*), " head attire " (Flügel) ; " ornaments of goldsmith's work, probably worn round the neck or bosom, and not infrequently set with pearls, diamonds, rubies, &c."—(Madden). " And goeth in their *billaments* of fine pearle and golde."—*Robin Conscience* (*c.* 1550), 181.

BLANCHEPOWDER LAND, see Blue Spider.

BLANK, " this gear will prove *blank* " (37*c*), unsuccessful. " It's lots to *blanks*, My name hath touch'd your ears . . . "—Shakspeare, *Coriolanus* (1610).

BLUE SPIDER IN BLANCHEPOWDER LAND (29*b*), cf. Plautus' *Miles*, i. 1, and *Thersites* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 1 Ser., 208*c*—213*a*). *Blue spider* = Tom Thumb; *Blanchepowder land*, see story of *Fulk Fitz Warine* and *Percy Folio MSS.*, 3. 279.

BONES, " oh *bones*, thou killest me " (99*d*), *i.e.* God's *bones*, a common oath; see Arms.

BORD, " earnest or *bord* " (25*d*)—" speak but in *bord* " (75*d*), jest, sport. " Whan Gamelyn was i-set in the justices stede, Herkneth of a *bourde* that Gamelyn dede."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 851–2.

BORROW, see Saint George.

BRAG, " a portly *brag* " (57*a*)—" a lusty *brag* " (57*c*), swagger, boast, ostentatious pretence. " A kind of conquest Cæsar made here; but made not here his *brag* Of 'came,' and 'saw,' and 'overcame.' "—Shakspeare, *Cymbeline*, iii. 1.

BRAIN, see Break my brain.

BRAVE, " *brave* in our suits " (40*a*), gay, showy, finely dressed. " Rings put upon his fingers, And *brave* attendants near him when he wakes."—Shakspeare, *Tam. of the Shrew*, Induct., i.

BREAK, " I will neither read ne *break* " (34*a*), *i.e.* open the seal of the letter in Custance's hand.

BREAK MY BRAIN, " shall I so *break my brain* " (80*a*), be so foolish. " Love which *breaketh the braines*, and never bruseth the brow."—Lyly, *Endymion* (1591), v. 3.

BREAST, " that is a *breast* to blow out a candle " (9*a*)—" with a lusty *breast* " (56*d*), breath, voice. " Is your *breast* anything sweet."—Heywood, *Four P.P.* (see *Works*, i., E.E.D.S. 38*b* and 224*a*).

BRIBES, " polling and *bribes* " (69*a*), robbery, plunder. (*Prompt Parv.*). " *Je derobbe* . . . he *bribeth* and he polleth."—Palsgrave, *Lang. Franc.* (1530), 465.

BRIM, " never boar so *brim* " (87*c*)—" taking his part full *brim* " (89*b*), fierce, furious, with heat. " The *brim* battil of the Harlaw."—*Evergreen*, I. 90.

BROTHER, " make me a letter, *brother* " (68*d*), cf. use of " cousin " (45*a*), by Merrygreek, of Roister Doister. See Hercules.

BRUTE, " it is a *brute* of the Alie land " (13*d*)—" that is a lusty *brute* " (57)—" a lusty *brute* I am " (59*b*), a hero, person of distinction, a gallant : cf. the Brutus of Arthurian Romance. " So noble a *brute*."—Lyly, *Euphues* (1581), p. 36 (Arber).

BURBOLT, " as much brain as a *burbolt* " (50*b*), bird-bolt, properly a short arrow with a broad flat end used for killing birds without piercing them ; this weapon was also carried by fools, whence (Cotgrave) " a light-brain'd fellow." " Ignorance should shoot His gross-knobb'd *bird-bolt*."—Marston, *What You Will* (1607).

BUSK, " out of a *busk* " (29*b*), bush : northern dialectical.

BY, see Aby : cf. " 'low," " 'chieve," &c.

BY AND BY (*passim*), immediately, at once, forthwith.

CALAIS, " by the Arms of *Calais* " (92*d*), apparently a popular oath of the day ; it occurs again, previously (63*b*). Dyce thought Cales (Cadez) might be meant ; but, having in view the fact that since 1450 Calais had been mourned as the only English holding in France, that Henry VIII.'s war with that country, commenced in 1509, had revived public interest and concern for the possession, and that frequent contemporary references prove the continuance of that anxiety through the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, it is not unreasonable to assume with some degree of certainty that the French town, which was finally lost to the English in 1557, is here referred to.

CAN, " I *can* some skill "—" I *can* thee thank "—&c. (*passim*), possess, am able to render ; see other volumes of this series. *Thank* is singular.

CARRIAGE, " I feel no such *carriage* " (47*c*), burden, anything that is carried or borne. " And David left his *carriage* in the hand of the keeper of the *carriage*, and

ran into the army."—*Bible,* Auth. Vers. (1611), 1 Samuel xvii. 22.

CASSOCK, " in our silk *cassocks* " (40*a*), a dress of any kind—a long, loose over-garment now chiefly confined to clerics. " She . . . drest her selfe up in Carmelas russet *cassocke.*"—Greene, *Menaphon* (1587), p. 44 (Arber).

CAST, " hear what I have *cast* " (55*c;* also 15*d*; 16*c*; 25*c*; 38*b*, &c.), as *subs.* and *verb.* *Cast* had formerly many meanings, now obsolete or archaic—advice, counsel, plan, design, any object of desire or contrivance, skill, art, a guess, a trick or juggle, fashion, form, pattern, chance, venture, accident, lot, taunt, and so forth; with, of course, *mutatis mutandis,* the corresponding verbal senses.

CATO, " the third *Cato* " (14*a*), an heroic comparison: in sarcasm: cf. Tenth Worthy and Fourth Fury (Massenger).

CHAD, ICHOTTE, CHWAS, CHWINE (22*c*), the conventional rustic speech of early plays—a mixture of southern and northern dialect, but chiefly the former.

CHEEK, " I shrew his best *cheek* " (106*c*)—" I shrew their best Christmas *cheeks* " (75*a*), Flügel says " *cheeks* here like ' eyes,' ' teeth ' ": cf. *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.,* 3 Ser., 141*c*), " beshrew thy smooth *cheeks.*" In the second example, however, and mayhap the first, it should not be overlooked that a fantastic headdress of the time went by the name of *cheeks and ears*; the topical allusion to Christmas (with its festivities) would then be clear. " *Fr.* O then thou canst tell how to help me to *cheeks and ears. L.* Yes, mistress, very well. *Fl. S. Cheeks and ears!* why, mistress Frances, want you *cheeks and ears?* methinks you have very fair ones."—*London Prod.* (E.E.D.S., *Pseudo-Shakspearean Plays,* II.), iv. 3.

CHARM, " this shall be to me a *charm* " (36*d*)—" I shall thee and thine so *charm* " (81*d*), a silencing, to silence. " He is the man must *charm* you."—Jonson, *Barth. Fair* (1614), ii. 1. " *Charm* your men, I beseech you." —Middleton, *Fair Quarrel* (1617), v. 1.

CHERRY, see Chip.

'CHIEVE, " Ill 'chieve it " (22*c*), *i.e.* may she succeed ill, " bad luck to you."

CHIP, " *chip and cherry* " (41*c*), *i.e.* to chirp, to coo like a dove : *cherry* = chirre.

CHIST, " locked up in a *chist* " (93*d*), chest, box.

CHOPLOGE, " thus play *choploge* " (50*b*), quibbler, an argumentative wrangler ; usually " *chop-logic*," but note the exigency of the rhyme. " How now, *chop-logic*."—Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), iii. 5.

CHOSE, " ye have *chose* of devotion " (26*b*)—" ye have *chose* a good gentleman " (26*c*), spoke.

CHRISTMAS CHEEKS (75*a*), see Cheeks.

CHWAS, see Chad.

CHWINE, see Chad.

CLEAN, see Wipe.

COAT, see Swinged.

COCK, " by *Cock* " (18*d*, *et passim*), by God ; a frequent euphemistic oath.

COIL, " *coil* thee mine own *hands* " (82*a*), beat, drub, thwack.

COLBRANDE (13*d*), see *Thersites* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, 1 Ser. 199*c*).

COLD, see Hot.

COLLOCAVIT, " the kitchen *collocavit* " (93*b*), probably a fine Latin rendering of *collock* = a large pail. "A kneadinge tube, iij *collecks*, a wynnocke, ij stands, a churne, a fleshe *collecke*."—*Invent. in Richmondshire Wills* (*Surtees Soc.*), p. 169. Cf. the Vice in Heywood's *Love* (E.E.D.S., *Works* 1., 180*d*), who enters with " a high copper tank on his head," and the same character in Preston's *Cambyses* (E.E.D.S. *Works*), who appears " with an old capcase on his head, an old pail about his hips for harness, a scummer and a potlid by his side, and a rake on his shoulder."

COMMANDS, COMMANDED, " *commands* me to you " (24*b*)—" she *commanded* me " (24*c*), commends, commended.

COMMON'TY, " all the *common'ty* " (111*c*), commonalty.

CONEY, " sweet lamb and *coney* " (26*d*)—" I her lamb, she my *coney* " (59*c*), an endearment : its origin is obscene.

CONVEYANCE, " by my *conveyance* " (88*b*), dishonesty, artful management : here the reference is to the tricky reading of the ambiguous letter. " Since Henry's death I fear there is *conveyance.*"—Shakspeare, 1 *Henry VI.* (1592), i. 3.

COSTARD, " I knock your *costard* " (72*a*), head : properly a large kind of apple.

COSTRELING, " O, your *costreling* " (29*d*), an armour-bearer, squire, servant of a man-at-arms : a diminutive of *custrel.*

COTSWOLD LION (89*c*), a sheep : the Cotswolds in Gloucestershire have from time immemorial been noted for a breed of sheep (cotsold = sheepfold) : note, later on, the " sheep's look full grim " (88*d*). " Now have at the *lyons* on *Cotsolde.*"—*Thersites, Anon. Plays,* Ser. i. (E.E.D.S.), 199*d*.

COUGH, " he shall *cough* me a mome " (50*a*), a play on another meaning of *cough* ; *i.e.* show what a fool he is ; Skelton has " *coughe* me a dawe." " He will *cough* for anger . . . but he shall *cough* me a fool."—Lyly, *Mother Bombie.*

COUSIN, "my *cousin* Roister Doister" (45*a*), a familiar address : cf. " brother " (68*d*).

COW, " last *kiss your cow* " (23*b*), proverbial. " Every man as he loveth . . . quoth the good man when that he *kissed his cow.*"—Heywood (E.E.D.S., *Works,* II.).

CRAKING, " facing and *craking* " (6*a*), boasting.

CUMBER, " shall *cumber* you " (63*a*), see Accumbered.

CURRIED, " the worst is but a *curried* coat " (21*b*), beaten.

CUST, "it must be *cust* " (22*c*), kissed (A.N.).

DANGER, " *danger* of debt " (9*c*), *i.e.* risk of imprisonment for debt.

DAWS, " I lust not to meddle with *daws* " (52*c*), fools.

DEVICE, " the whole answer in my *device* doth rest " (50*d*), *i.e.* left to me to carry out as I will.

DID, "no *did*" (41*b*), elliptical: the usage was frequent —cf. "no had" and "no shall" (Heywood, *Works*, E.E.D.S., I. 68*a* and 87*a*).

DOCK, see Nettle.

'DRESSED, "*'dressed* him like a fool" (94*c*), addressed.

DRINK, (*a*) "*drink* once ere ye go" (53*b*), "wetting the bargain" was formerly an essential ceremony in a betrothal: "no dry bargain would hold on such occasions" (Brand, *Pop. Antiq.*, ii. 90).

(*b*) "ye will *drink* anon" (18*c*), "*drink* without a cup" (18*d et seq.*), a play on the two meanings of *drink*=(*a*), imbibe, and (*b*)=suffer punishment: see whole passage. "I shrew me if I *drank* any more than twice to-day, Till I met even now with that other I, And with him I supped and *drank* truly."—*Jack Juggler, Anon. Pl.*, 3 Ser. (30*b*). Professor Williams, of the University of Tasmania, regards the duplication of meaning as based on Matthew xxvi., 42. See Heywood's *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II., 293*d*.

DUMPS, "twang with our *dumps*" (35*c*), melancholy strains in music, vocal or instrumental. "To their instruments Tune a deploring *dump*."—Shakspeare, *Two Gentlemen* (1595), iii. 2.

EFT, "Custance should *eft* seek to me" (56*b*), again.

EKE (*passim*), also.

ELECTION, "ye be as one in *election* of taking" (48*a*), preference, choice. "I take to-day a wife and my *election*."—Shakspeare, *Troilus* (1602), ii. 2. 61.

ELEPHANT, "the last *Elephant*" (29*b*), cf. Plautus, *Miles Gl.* I. i. 25.

ENSURED, "*ensured* to a husband" (38*d*), betrothed. "After his mother Mary was *ensured* to Joseph."—Sir John Cheke, *Matt.* i. 18.

ENTWITE, "no good turns *entwite*" (41*c*), to make a thing a subject for reproach, to twit. "Thou doest naught to *entwite* me thus."—Udall, *Apoph.* 165.

EXCHEQUER, "I will put you up into the *Exchequer*" (109*c*), a court instituted by William the Conqueror, and constituting part of the Aula Regia. It was remodelled by Edward I. Its primary object was to

recover debts due to the king, such as unpaid taxes, &c., to vindicate his proprietary rights against those encroaching upon them, &c. But after a time, without losing sight of the original purpose, it developed into an ordinary law court, with a legal and an equitable side, each open to all the nation. A suitor had only to plead (the allegation as a rule being only a legal fiction) that he was a debtor to the king, but could not pay what he owed because of injustice done him in another matter by the person whom he summoned to the Court of Exchequer (*Ency. Dict.*).

EZECHIAS AND OTHER LOST PLAYS, see Udall (Nicholas).

FACING, "all the day long is he *facing*" (6*a*), braving, browbeating, bullying. "I will neither be *faced* nor braved."—Shakspeare, *Taming of the Shrew* (1593), iv. 3. "I *face* as one doth that brauleth" (Palsgrave).

FACTS, "such is your personage, and such are your *facts*" (14*d*), deeds, acts, performances: cf. "faytes of armes" (Caxton, *Encylos*, Prol.).

FAIN, "never so *fain*" (80*c*), with desire.

FALSE, "wooers never speed that have a *false* heart" (16*a*), cowardly, poltroonish. "Cowards, whose hearts are all as *false* As stairs of sand."—Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice* (1598), iii. 2.

FAY, "in *fay*" (64*c*), faith.

FEAR, "would *fear* my sweetheart" (30*b*), frighten, terrify. "We must not make a scarecrow of the law, Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey."—Shakspeare, *Measure for Measure* (1603), ii. 1.

FERDEGEWS, "our trick *ferdegews*" (40*a*), farthingale: Sp. *Verdugado*, "a verdingall reaching to the feete" (Minsheu).

FET, "I will rub your temples and *fet* you again" (55*d*), fetch.

FEY, see Fay.

FINGER, see Hole.

FIRE, see Malt.

FIRE-FORK, "Truepenny's *fire-fork*" (83*c*), a poker. "Item 2 aundeyerns, a *fyer fercke*, a fyer panne, and a paire of tonges, xxd."—*Inventory* (1536).

FIST, "look you on your own *fist*" (70*a*), handwriting: still colloquial. "The duke has sent his *fist* to me."—Middleton, *Blurt, Master Constable*, i. 2. 138.

FIT, "shall we sing a *fit*" (40*c*)—"before my sweetheart's door we will have a *fit*" (58*c*), a stave, a tune—generally a division or part of anything composed of more than one part.

FLINGING, "never but *flinging*" (39*b*), running about, frisking, capering about.

FLOCK, "do him lout and *flock*" (52*c*), *i.e.* mock and stuff with "fool-corn": see Lout.

FOIL, "to *foil* his hands on a woman" (110*a*), to lay hands on; literally to make a mark or track: *foil*=the track of a deer.

FOND, "this *fond* talk" (34*b*), (*a*) foolish. "Grant I may never prove so *fond* To trust man on his oath or bond."—Shakspeare, *Timon of Athens* (1609), i. 2. (*b*) See Nicebecetur.

FOOL'S FEATHER, "a *fool's feather* had light on your coat" (30*d*), a play on *fool* and *fowl*: cf. "What a peevish *fool* was that of Crete, That taught his son the office of a *fowl*! And yet, for all his wings, the *fool* was drown'd." (3 *Henry VI.*, v. 6, 18, 20): see Douce, Illustrations II., Plate 4, 1.

FORCE, "no *force*" (80*c*), no matter. "*No force*, I wote wheder I shalle."—*Towneley Mysteries*, p. 16.

FORDONE, "else is all . . . *fordone*" (96*a*), the *for* is an intensive: cf. *for*lorn, *for*let (much hinder), *for*galled (much galled): hence=ruined, undone.

FORTY PENCE (67*d*), a favourite sum in wagers: see E.E.D.S. *Anon. Plays*, 3 Series, *s.v.* Forty 265*d*.

FRENCH HOODS, "go in our *French hoods* every day" (40*a*), here indicating costly raiment: see previous volumes of this series and Boorde's *Introd.*, 191.

FRESH, "*fresh* and gay" (40*a*), smart, new.

FUR, "whip and whur . . . never made good *fur*" (17*d*), furrow.

GAUDING, " what *gauding* and fooling is this " (59*d*), rejoicing, merrymaking. " *Gauding* with his familiars."—North, *Plutarch* (1578).

GEAR, " this *gear* beginneth for to frame " (18*b*), matter, business : see previous volumes of this series.

GENTMAN, GENTMANLY (48*b*; 52*a*; and 68*a*), gentleman, gentlemanly.

GIRDLE, " *ne'er an M by your girdle?* " (58*a*), a rebuke to Merrygreek's rude mode of speech : *to have an M under one's girdle* = to use a respectful forefix (Mr., Mrs., &c.) when addressing or mentioning a person.

GLOMING, " by his *gloming* " (7*b*), melancholy, gloomy looks. " A *glooming* peace this morning with it brings, The sun for sorrow will not shew his head."—Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), v. 3.

GOOD, (*a*) " I may chide him a *good* " (67*b*), thoroughly, to some purpose : cf. weep *agood* (*Two Gent.*, iv. 4. 170), (*b*) see Haste.

GOOSE, " shall I go fet our *goose?* " (97*b*) : cf. the incident of the snail in *Thersites* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, Series 2, pp. 208–210).

GOSS, " by *goss* " (64*b*), euphemistic for God : cf. gog, cock, and similar circumlocutions.

GRAFF, " whereon to *graff* a lout " (6*a*), graft.

GREASE, " The kitchen collocavit, the best hens to *grease* " (93*b*). Professor Williams, of the University of Tasmania, who with Mr. P. A. Robin edited *Roister Doister* in 1901, has sent me a copy of " material " which he had gathered " for some subsequent editor to use as he may think fit." Therein I find the following remarks concerning this passage, which I think best to place on permanent record just as Professor Williams has given them :—" After long wavering between two possible interpretations of this phrase, I have come to the conclusion that it is another of Merygreeke's ambiguities, and that *both* meanings are intended, one for Roister Doister's ears, the other for the audience. To Roister Doister it is intended to mean ' the best from here to Greece.' (*Hennes* is the M.E. form of *hence*, and *grece* of *Greece*). We find a similar expression in Heywood's

Epigrams, 'No goose need go barefoot between this and *Greece*' [E.E.D.S. *Works*, II. 209*c*]; and *hence* is used without a verb of motion in 'That same is she, that is the most bawde *hens* to Coventrie' [*Works* I. (72*b*)]. To the audience it is intended to mean 'the best for fattening hens': cf. 'A strange furmety, Will feed ye up as *fat as hens* i' the forehead' (Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, i. 2). Roister Doister is called a 'hen' on account of his cowardice: cf. Shelton, *Colyn Cloute*, 169, 'herted *lyke an hen*'; *All's Well*, ii. 3. 224, 'Lord have mercy on thee *for a hen*' (of Parolles). Hens would naturally be fattened with the contents of the kitchen bucket. For the play on the words *grease* and *Greece*, cf. *A Match at Midnight* (Hazl. *Dodsl.*, xiii. 91), '*Alex.* Harkee, brother, where lies her living? *Tim.* Where? Why, in *Greece*. *Alex.* In *grease*. *Sim.* She looks as if she had sold kitchen stuff.'"

GREE, "*'gree* not half well" (37*d*), agree.

GRISTLE, "she is but a *gristle*" (26*d*), *i.e.* a young pig: applied to young girls as an endearment (note the "lamb" and "coney"), and here in mock with perhaps an eye on grizzled [one], *i.e.* grey with age: Fr. *grison*. "I love no *grissels*."—Lyly, *Endymion* (1591), v. ii.

HAD, "why are ye so sad? . . . thou knowest the proverb—because I cannot be *had*" (51*c*). "When Lovers are in talke so sad As if they were already *had*."—*Friar Bacon's Prophesy* (1604), 564.

HAIL-SHOT, "have . . . with *hail-shot*" (96*b*), small shot, grape-shot.

HALFPENNY-DOLE, "I will cry *halfpenny-dole*" (54*a*), to be given as alms to the poor: doles were customary at funerals. See Brand, ii. 287; Caxton (*Craik's Eng. Prose, Sel.*, i. 102).

HARD, "up to the *hard* ears in love" (6*b*), very close or near, hard by, to the fullest extent: possibly the modern phrase over head and ears (which sounds redundant) may be a corruption of "over the *hard* ears."

We also get "at the *harde heeles*" (Gosson, *Sch. of Abuse*), and "at the *harde rootes*" (Skelton).

HARDLY, let them *hardly* take thought" (9*c*, &c.), certainly, by all means, surely.

HASTE, "no *haste* but good" (17*d*), proverbial; it occurs in Heywood: cf. Hasty.

HASTY, "good hap is not *hasty*" (56*c*), proverbial: not in Heywood.

HAVE, "*have* at" (91*b* and 96*a*), to try, attempt, begin, and (of persons) to aim a blow at.

HAWKS, "you were take up for *hawks*" (58*b*), *i.e.* you would be snapped up for a husband like "*hawks' meat*": see Preston's *Cambyses* (E.E.D.S. *Works*)—"That husband for *hawk's meat* of them is up snatched, Head broke with a bedstaff, face be all-to scratched."

HAZE, "and ye will *haze, haze*" (60*b*)—"in case ye will not *haze*" (80*b*), have us.

HEAL, "while he was in *heal*" (55*a*), health.

HEIGH, "*heigh, derry, derry*" (41*d*), a popular refrain. "Nay, I must sing too, *heigh, derry, derry*."—N. Woodes, *Conflict of Conscience* (E.E.D.S. *Works*).

HERE-AWAY, "to know what he maketh *here-away*" (21*d*), hereabout.

HOBIL, "such a . . . *hobil*" (51*d*), clown, clodhopper, lout: cf. "Goodman Hobal" (*Trial of Treasure*, E.E.D.S., 222*b*).

HODDYDODDY, "Hankyn *Hoddydoddy's* sleeve" (5*c*), fool, awkward lout.

HOLD, (*a*) "I *hold* a groat" (18*c*), wager, bet: see other volumes of this series.

(*b*) "*hold up* his yea and nay" (6*c*), support, endorse, maintain, flatter. "The proudest he that *holds up* Lancaster."—Shakspeare, 3 *Henry VI.* (1595), i. 1.

HOLE, "to hold his finger in a *hole*" (6*d*), see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.) II. 73*c*. "I'll put one finger in a *hole*, rather."—Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life* (*d.* 1627), iii. 1. 94.

HOMELY, "a nurse talk so *homely*" (27*c*)—"*homely* dalliance" (103*b*), unseemly, "rude, "vulgar," lacking in respect.

HOROLOGE, "play the devil in the *horologe*" (50*b*), *i.e.* strike: it occurs in Heywood. "Some for a tryfull pley the devyll in the orloge."—Harman, *Vulgaria* (1530).

HOT, "so soon *hot*, so soon cold" (99*a*), proverbial: Heywood has it—"*hot* love soon cold." "Dowghter . . . hastye love is soone *hot* and soone cold."—*Wit and Science* (1540).

HOWLET, "the *howlet* out of an ivy-bush should hoop" (35*c*), a young owl.

HUSBAND, "a good thrifty *husband*" (22*a*), an economist; a good manager: cf. verb *to husband* (a matter, one's resources, &c.). See Cotgrave, *Dict.*, s.v., *Quatre mesnage*—"An ill, improvident, or unskilful husband; a waste-good, spill-good, or spill-thrift" (1610).

ICHOTTE (22*c*), *Ich wot* = I know: see Cham.

'IELD, "God *'ield* you, sir" (22*c*; 48*b*), in original yelde = yield = reward, recompense.

IN PARADISUM, see Mock Requiem.

INSURANCE, "know afore of the *insurance*" (88*a*), betrothal, affiance.

IS, "No *is?*" (27*b*), elliptical: *i.e.* is not she?

I-WIS, I-WYS (*passim*), certainly, indeed, truly: see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), I. 234*a*.

JACK RAKER (35*d*), a maker of bad verses: a proverbial personification. "Ye wolde be callyd a maker And make mocke lyke *Jake Raker*."—Skelton, *Garnesche*, 108.

JETTING, "*jetting* up and down" (57*b*), strut, swagger, move about in a jaunty fashion. "I get, I use a proude countenance and pace in my goyng, *je braggue*."—Palsgrave, *Lang. Franc.*, 563, 2.

JOHN, "to-day a man, to-morrow *John*" (112*c*), in contempt. "The title-page of *Sir Walter Raleigh's Farewell to his Lady*, 1644 (Ashbee's Reprints), has for heading: 'To-day a man, To-morrow none.' For the

contemptuous use of 'John,' *vide* Skeat's note on Chaucer, *C.T.*, B. 4000 " (*Williams and Robin*).

JOLLY, (*a*), " a *jolly* man " (33*d*), a general expression of admiration. " Generally esteemed and taken for a *jolly* fellow."—Udall, *Eras. Par. Mark*, viii. 31 (1548). (*b*) " A *jolly* merry knot " (40*c*), an intensive which is still colloquial=extremely, very. " A *iolye* fortunate man."—Coverdale, *Eras. Par. Phil.*, iii. 5 (1549).

JUNO, " *Juno* send me . . . good luck " (51*a*), as the Queen of Marriage. " By *Juno*, that is queen of marriage."—Shakspeare, *Pericles* (1609), ii. 3. 30.

JUT, " give him a *jut* " (51*b*), knock up or run against, jolt, jostle.

KA, " enamoured, *ka*? " (13*a*), quotha. " That is my meaning, *ka* dumb John."—*Marprelate Epist.* (1588), 20.

KING OF CRICKETS (29*d*), " in the series of the ' blue spider ' and the ' gozeling.' Cf. ' the King of Cockneys on *Childermas-day*,' " Brand's *Pop. Ant.* i, 536, &c. (*Flügel*). " What, King of Crickets, is there none but you? "—Munday, *Death Rob. E. of H.* (E.E.D.S.).

KITE, " that doughty *kite* " (107*b*), a generic reproach: the earliest quotation in the O.E.D.

KNACKING, " in good *knacking* earnest " (48*d*), downright. " *Fel.* Here you not howe this gentylman mockys. *Lyb.* Ye, to *knackynge* ernyst what an it preue? "—Skelton, *Magnyf.*, 33.

KNAP, " good-night, Roger, old knave! knave *knap*! " (54*d*), an obsolete form of nap=sleep, slumber.

KNOT, " a jolly, merry *knot* " (40*c*), company, group. " So often shall the *knot* of us be called," &c.—Shakspeare, *Julius Cæsar* (1607), iii. 1. 117.

KNOW, " I hope we shall better *know* " (39*c*), *i.e.* become better acquainted.

KO (52*a* and *c*), quoth.

KOCKS (26*c*), Cock's=God's.

KOSS, " a *koss* with such a man as you " (23*c*), kiss. " Kisse he me with the *cos* of his mowth."—Wyclif, *Song of Sol.* (1382), i. 1.

LAD, " I am a *lad* " (90*c*), a man of mettle, brave fellow.

LADE, " doth not love *lade* you " (47*c*), load.

LANE, " the *lane* without any bones " (18*a*), throat : cf. modern red-*lane*.

LAW, " zee, *law* ! . . zo, *law* ! " (29*b*), an exclamation, la ! " So God help me, law ! "—Shakspeare, *Love's Labour Lost* (1594), v. 2. 414.

LESE, LESING (6*d* ; 48*a* ; 95*b*), lose, losing.

LET, " there shall be no *let* " (49*d*), hindrance.

LEVY, " *levy* the camp " (95*c*), a phrase borrowed from military parlance=to raise a siege, to cease warlike operations. " There was made no more doubt to *levie* the campe."—Fenton, *Guicciard* (1579), 256.

LIETH, " for this *lieth upon* his preferment " (26*a*), concerns, is of consequence to.

LIFE-DAYS, " all thy *life-days* " (78*d*), lifetime. " Ye know that now our *life-days* are but short."—*Jacob and Esau* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, 2 Ser., 82*d*), v. 9.

LILBURN, " such a *lilburn* " (51*d*), a loutish, stupid fellow, dolt.

LILY, " by His *lily* wounds " (91*d*), the O.E.D. says " white, fair as a *lily* " ; this is the only quotation given except for what can ordinarily be described as *lily*-white (*e.g.* forehead, hands, cheeks, arms, face, &c.). The usage is obscure unless it indicates that the wounds were innocent of offence or void of corruption.

LOBCOCK, " such a *lobcock* " (51*d*), lubber, bumpkin, blundering fool. " Seneca and Lucan were *lobcockes* to choose that death."—Nashe, *Unf. Traveller* (1594), 76.

LOITERERS, " be there no officers . . . to check idle *loiterers* " (81*b*), the latest statute against vagrancy and brawling before the date of *Roister Doister* is that of 1 Edward VI., c. 3 (1547) : " Whosoever . . . being not lame shall either like a seruing-man wanting a master, or like a beggar or after any such other sort be lurking in any house or houses, or loitering, or idle wandering by the high wayes side, or in streets, cities, townes, or villages . . . then euery such person shall bee taken for a vagabond, . . . and it shalbe lawfull

. . . to any . . . person espying the same, to bring or cause to be brought the said person so liuing idle and *loiteringly* to two of the next justices of the peace," &c.

LOMBARD'S TOUCH (37*c*), *touch*="mark" (*i.e.* a manufacturer's trade-mark, as on plate)—"and that no man shall geve for his proper marck or touch" (*Hist. Pewt. Co.* i. 210). *Lombard,* a generic term for a banker, moneychanger, or pawnbroker. Dobinet having failed to get Madge Mumblecrust to deliver the gold token, thinks he can count upon one of the newcomers to handle the ring and deliver it (*i.e.* because bearing outwardly some of the marks of one who likes to handle gold even if only temporarily).

LOSEL, "avaunt, *losel*" (80*b*), profligate, rake, ne'er-do-well. "*Losels* ye are and thefys."—*Towneley Myst.* (*c.* 1460), xvi. 154.

LOUTED, "he is *louted* and laughed to scorn" (52*b*), humiliated, treated with contumely, fooled. "So mocked, so *louted,* so made a sot."—E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays,* 4 Ser. (*c.* 1530).

'LOW, 'LOWE, "I *'low* his wit" (33*c*; 58*c*), allow, approve, admit: the usage survives as an Americanism.

LUB, "they *lub* you" (14*d*)—"canst thou not *lub* this man" (64*d*), love: still good nursery, negro, or burlesque. See Shakspeare's play on the word in *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* ii. 5, 44, 47.

LUST, "as ye *lust* indeed" (6*d*), please, choose, wish. "You *lusted* not this night any supper make."—*Jack Juggler* (*c.* 1562), E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.,* 3 Ser., 13*b*; *Ibid.* 283*b*.

M, see Girdle.

MAD, "I warrant you for *mad*" (11*c*), *i.e.* against madness: cf. "I'll warrant him for drowning" (Shakspeare, *Tempest,* i. 1. 49).

MAISTRY, "whippet apace *for the maistry*" (20*d*), *i.e.* as if aiming at mastery; hence, extremely, in the highest degree: here="sing your best and loudest," "raise the roof."

MALKIN, "yea, *malkin*" (13*b*), scarecrow, guy: Merry-greek is chaffing Roister.

MALT, "*soft fire maketh sweet malt*" (18*a*), an admonition to be gentle, merciful, or unexacting: in Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 6*c*. "Soft and faire, sir. *Soft fire maketh sweet mault.*"—Dent, *Pathw. Heaven* (1601), 249.

MANKINE, "she is *mankine*" (99*b*), furious, angry, mad. "He set dogges, that were *mankynde*, upon the man to be all to torne."—Horman, *Vulg.* (1519), 127.

MARK, "a hundred *marks*" (28*c*), money of account of the value of 13s. 4d.: as a coin it was never used in England, though in Scotland marks were current in the 15th and 16th centuries.

MARYBONES, "couch on your *marybones*" (30*c*), marrowbones, knees: still colloquial. "Down he fel vpon his *maribones.*"—More, *Confut. Tindale Works* (1532), 727. 2.

MASHIP, "a fitter wife for your *maship*" (12*c*)—"your *maship* so bold" (27*b*), mastership: a title of respect.

MATT, "by the *matt*" (96*b*), by the mass.

MEASURE, "I love singing *out of measure*" (16*d*), a play on differing meanings—(*a*) exceedingly, and (*b*) out of tune: see Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, iii. 1. 102.

MERRYGREEK, "Mathew *Merrygreek*" (4*d*), madcap, rogue. "A mad rascal, a merry greek" . . . "a merry grig . . . rogue."—Cotgrave, *Lang. Franc.* (1611), s.v. *Roger bon temps* and *Gringalet.*

MINION, "not the like *minion*" (52*b*), (*a*) a darling, favourite (*pour le bon motif*); and (*b*) creature, servile dependent, bardash. Here the meaning is that Roister thinks vastly much of himself and that there is none more acceptable to women or of more valour.

MO (*passim*), more.

MOCK, "*mock* much of her" (26*b*)—"*mock* much of you" (65*b*), make; possibly a pun is intended.

MOCKAGE, "spake it all in *mockage*" (88*a*), mockery, jest. "Thus speaketh the Prophete by an ironye, that is, in derision, or *mockage.*"—2 *Chronicles*, xviii. (Note.) (1551.)

MOCK REQUIEM (53*c* to 55*c*), this mock requiem is a jumbled parody of the Roman Ritual for the Dead. This and other offices of the Church were often burlesqued in the literature of the Middle Ages. Notable examples are *The Drunkard's Mass* (*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, 2. 208); *Requiem to the Favourite of Henry VI.* (Ritson's *Songs*, 101); and, to omit mention of numberless other examples, portions of Skelton's *Philip Sparrow*. From the extracts now given it will be seen that the last-named exhibits some remarkable parallel passages—possibly Udall had his eye on Skelton's work when writing Merrygreek's mock requiem for *Roister Doister*. The references to the Burial Service are taken in the order in which they occur in the text; but this (humorously intentional, perhaps) is not strictly the order of the Ritual.

"*Placebo . dilexi*" (53*c*), "*placebo* [*domino*]" is from the beginning of the Office for the Dead at Vespers (*Psalm* cxvi. 9). *Dilexi* [*quoniam*] is from the opening words of *Psalm* cxvi. 9. "*Pla, ce, bo*, Who is there, who? *Di le xi*. Dame Margery! *Fa, re, my, my*. Wherefore and why? why, For the soule of Philip Sparow."—*Philip Sparrow*, Chalmers, II. 290. 1.

"*Nequando*" (53*d*), an antiphon from the Burial Service, read at Matins: "*Ne quando rapiat ut leo animam meam*," &c. (*Psalm* vii. 2).

"*Dirigi*" (53*d*), the commencement of an antiphon in the *Officium Defunctorum*: "*Dirige, Domine, Deus meus, in conspectu tuo viam meum.*"

"*Neque lux, neque crux, neque* mourners, *neque* clink" (53*d*), *i.e.* neither candle, neither cross, neither mourners, neither bell. Candles and the passing bell were supposed to drive away evil spirits, against the use of which the reformers were dead set: cf. "All things were done honourably, *sine crux sine lux et non sine tinkling*" (Parker to Fox on Burial of the Duchess of Norfolk). "The devil should have no abiding place in England if ringing of bells would serve."—Latimer, *Serm.*, 27. 498.

"*A porta inferi*" (54*a*), from another antiphon: "*A porta inferi erue, Domine, animas eorum.*" "The best now that I may Is for his soule to pray. *A porta*

inferi. Good Lord have mercie Upon my Sparows soule."—Skelton, *Philip Sparrow,* Chalmers, II. 291. 2.

"*Requiem eternum*" (54*a*), a refrain in the Office of the Dead: "*Requiem eternum dona eis, Domine,* et lux perpetua luceat eis." "God send my Sparows soule good rest—*Requiem eternum dona eis domine*—Fa, fa, fa, my, re. *A por ta in fe ri.*"—Skelton, *Philip Sparrow,* Chalmers, II. 294. 1.

"*Audivi vocem*" (54*c*), from an antiphon in the *Officium Defunctorum*: "Audivi vocem de cælo" (*Lev.* xiv. 13). "*Au di vi vo cem,* Japhet, Cam, and Sem; *Ma gni fi cat,* Shew me the right path."—Skelton, *Philip Sparrow,* Chalmers, II. 292. 1.

"*Qui Lazarum*" (55*c*), from the antiphon commencing "*Qui Lazarum resuscitasti a monumento fœtidum.*"

"*In Paradisum*" (55*c*), the antiphon when the corpse was carried to the grave: "*In Paradisum deducant te Angeli.*"

MOME, "he shall cough me a *mome*" (50*a*), fool, stupid. "*Mome,* malthorse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch."—Shakspeare, *Comedy of Errors* (1593), iii. 1. Note the variation in pronunciation: at 103*c* it rhymes with "none"; at 107*b* with "home."

MORE AND LESS (3*c*), *i.e.* high and low. "The *more and less* came in with cap and knee."—Shakspeare, *Henry IV.* (1598), iv. 3. 68.

MOTE (*passim*), may.

MOUNSIRE GRAUNDE (98*b*), cf. Heywood (*Proverbs* E.E.D.S., *Works,* II., i. 5), "Thus be I by this, once *le senior de graunde,* Many that command me, I shall command."

MOUSE, "little *mouse*" (18*b*), an endearment.

MUMBLECRUST, "Madge *Mumblecrust*" (*passim*), cf. "Mumblenews" (*Love's Labour Lost,* v. 2. 464), and "Mumblematins" (Pilkington, *Exp. upon Aggeus,* i. 2). "Peace! hear my lady. Jack *Mumblecrust* steal no more penny loaves."—*Patient Grissel,* iv. 3. *Mumblecrust* occurs also in Dekker's *Satiro-Mastix,* and in *Misogonus.*

MUN, "I *mun* be married a Sunday" (59*a*), must: still dialectical.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTINESS (*passim*), originally wickedness and generally applied; not as now to the perversity, mischievousness, or misbehaviour of children: here =levity.

NE (*passim*), neither, nor.

NEAR, "is much *near*" (12*a*), the M.E. comparative =nearer.

NEQUANDO, see Mock Requiem.

NETTLE, "*in dock, out nettle*" (38*a*), proverbial for inconstancy, trying one thing after another: the allusion is to the old-wife's practice of rubbing a nettle sting with a dock leaf. "*Nettle in, dock out*, now this, now that, Pandare?"—Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide* (1369), bk. iv.

NEW-COME-MAN, "our pretty *new-come-man*," (40*c*), cf. Johnny Newcome.

NICE, "nurse is not so *nice*" (23*b*), affected, coy, mincing.

NICEBECETUR, "nobs *nicebecetur* miserere fond" (26*a*), *nicebecetur*, according to Professor Williams=a prick-me-dainty; an affected finnicking woman—a latinized form of *nicebice* (as collocavit [q.v.] of *Collock*), which itself is a contemptuous reduplication of *nice*. Each stage of the development, he affirms, can be proved by examples. The first is seen in *Youth* (infra); the next is found in *Locrine* (infra). *Nobs*=an endearment. *Miserere* may be (*a*) a verb, the imper. of *misereor*, "I pity"; (*b*) a noun, either (1)="lamentation," from *Miserere*, the first word of the penitential Psalm li., or (2)="wretch," as *miser* was used. So far Professor Williams, with whom I do not altogether agree as regards the duplication of *nice* (Fr. *niais*). I do not say that *bice* is not so derived and formed, but *nicebice* comes much later, I think; and I strongly suspect (having in mind the occasional rhyme of *nice* with *rich*) that *bitch* (=a woman) as a term of contempt had its influence on the word, seeing that it is invariably used more or less as a reproach. As to the meaning of the whole sentence, this (to return to Professor Williams's essay) may thus be taken in four ways—the first two as a *continuation* of Merygreeke's speech, the last two as an answer to it. (1) With his

fond "*Nobs nicebecetur, miserere*": *i.e.* "with his fond 'Darling, pity me!'" (This use of "with" is very common in Skelton.) (2) With his fond miserere, "*Nobs nicebecetur*": *i.e.* "with his fond mumbling 'Darling.'" The objection to this is the separation of *miserere* from *nobs nicebecetur*. (3) With his *nobs nicebecetur*, fond miserere! *i.e.* "with his darling, fond wretch that he is!" The same objection holds against this as against the last. (4) With his fond *nobs nicebecetur miserere*, all three epithets referring to Mumblecrust, the last describing the woebegone appearance of the old beldame. Of these, (1) and (4) seem most probable. Thus far Prof. Williams once more. I now append several illustrative examples.

(*a*) NOBS.

"He maketh no *nobbes*."—*Image of Ypocrysy*.

"He calleth me his whiting, His mulling and his nitting, His *nobbes* and his coney."—Skelton, *Elinour Rumming*, 225 (*c.* 1520).

"My mouse, my *nobs*, and coney sweet."—*Trial of Treasure* (E.E.D.S. *Anon Pl.*, Ser. 3, 238*a*), 1567.

(*b*) NICE (NISOT=lazy jade).

"A little pretty *nicet*, Ye be well *nice*."—*Youth* (E.E.D.S. *Anon. Pl.*, 2 Ser., 104*d*), 1557.

(*c*) NICEBECETUR.

"To gete gownes and furs These *nysebeceturs*, Of men sheweth theyr pyte."—*Boke of Mayd Emlyn*, 224, *c.* 1520.

"Such *nycebyceters* as she is."—Heywood, *Play of Weather* (E.E.D.S. *Works*, I. 123*b*), 1533.

"You and your Ginifinee *Nycebecetur*."—Heywood (E.E.D.S., *Works*, II.) 1. xi., 1546.

"Farewell, good *Nicebecetur*."—Clement Robinson, *Handefulle of Pleasant Delites* (Arber, *Eng. Sch. Lib.*, p. 14), 1584.

"No, by my troth, mistress *Nicebice*."—*Locrine* (E.E.D.S., *Pseudo-Shakspearean Pl.* 1.), iii. 3, 1595.

NOBS, see Nicebecetur.

NOISE, "up with some merry *noise*" (26*d*), music, a band of musicians. "And see if thou canst find Sneak's *noise*; Mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music."—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.* (1598), ii. 4.

NOWN, " *nown* white son " (6*c*), a corruption of mine own : cf. nuncle=mine uncle. Here, of course, an improper use of the perverted form. See also (19*a*) " my *nown* Annot Alyface."

NOWNS, " Kock's *nowns* " (26*c*), God's wounds.

OUR LADY'S KNIGHT (99*c*), St. George.

PAINT, " I shall *paint out* our wooer " (50*d*), depict unfavourably.

PAISHE, PASH, " the *paishe of God* " (82*a*), passion.

PARAGES, " high and noble *parages* " (14*b*), lineage, descent, rank. " A prince of high *parage*."—*Chester Plays*, i. 157

PARDÉ (15*a*), *par Dieu*=by God.

PASTANCE, " a mock for *pastance* " (36*b*), recreation, pastime : chiefly in use for rhyming exigencies. " To have in remembrance Her goodly dalliance, And her goodly *pastance*."—Skelton, *Philip Sparrow* (*d.* 1529), 1095.

PATTENS, see Renne.

PEEVISH, " such mad, *peevish* elves " (54*c*), silly, senseless, foolish. " To laugh such a *peevish* trifling argument to scorn."—Udall, *Eras. Apoph.* (1542), 94*b*.

PENNYWORTH, " I will have some *pennyworth* " (96*b*), a right equivalent, what's owing, a *quid pro quo*. " If you deny me this request I will . . . haue my peniworths of them for it."—*Marprel. Epistle* (1588), 27 [Arber].

PICK, " *pick* thee hence " (80*b*), be off, get thee gone : literally pitch or throw yourself off. " *Pick* and walk." —*Jack Juggler* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, 3 S., 17*c*).

PIECE, " such a fair *piece* " (26*c*), originally a person, male or female : not always in contempt, though mostly so.

PIGSNY, " mine own *pigsny* " (27*d*), an endearment. " Go we in, *pigsnie*."—*Jack Juggler* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 3 Ser., 10*d*).

PIPE, " *Pipe*, merry Annot " (20*a*), apparently the refrain of a popular song, probably much older than the play :

it is mentioned in *A Pore Helpe* (Hazlitt, *Early Pop. Poet.*, III. 260).

PISSING WHILE, "for a *pissing while* or twain" (98*d*), a short time. "... But a *pyssynge whyle,* tant quon auroyt pisse, or ce pendant."—Palsgrave, *Lang. Françoyse* (1539).

PLACEBO DILEXI, see Mock Requiem.

POLLING, "*polling* and bribes" (69*a*), fleecing, swindling. "He bribeth and he *polleth*" (Palsgrave).

POTGUN, "have ... with my *potgun*" (96*a*; also 93*c*), probably, having regard to the mock heroics of the action, a boy's toy, made (*Nomenclator* and *Cotgrave*) of elder stick or a quill, the ammunition for which was chewed paper. "They are but as the *potguns* of boys."—Hall, *Married Clergy* (1610), 148.

POTSTICK, "by God's precious *potstick*" (66*b*), thought to be a reference to the rod or pole on which the sponge was lifted up during the passion of Christ. "By Cock's precious *podstick.*"—*Jack Juggler* (*Anon. Pl.*, 3 Ser., 8*c*).

PRANKY-COAT (57*b*), *to prank*=to dress showily and ostentatiously: cf. "a woman *pranked up*" (Holyband Dict., 1593, s.v. *Fame bien attintée*).

PRECIOUS, "by Cock's *precious*" (99*b*), "blood," "wounds," "potstick," &c., understood.

PRICK-ME-DAINTY (40*b*), one affected and overprecise, a "Lady Finnick." "There was a *pryckmedenty*, Sat lyke a seynty, And began to paynty, As thoughe she would faynty."—Skelton, *El. Rummyng* (*d.* 1529), 582.

PRIEST, "I shall be thy *priest*" (100*a*), *i.e.* kill you, as a priest slays the sacrificial offering. "By the sorrows of the souls in hell, Who first lays hands on me, I'll be his *priest.*"—Kyd, *Sp. Tragedy* (1603), iii.

PROPER, "a *proper* man" (85*a*), well-made, good-looking, handsome, decent, respectable. "Moses ... was hid three months ... because ... he was a *proper* child."—*Bible,* Auth. Ver. (1611), Heb. xi. 23.

PROPERTY, "my duty, and name, and *property*" (101*a*), natural disposition, character. "*Propriété,* the nature,

quality, inclination, or disposition of."—Cotgrave, *Dict.* (1611), s.v.

QUEAN, "this little *quean*" (98*a*), primarily a woman, without regard to position or morals: a differentiation in spelling soon separated the senses. Hence in a debased meaning *quean* = slut, hussy, strumpet. "At churche in the charnel cheorles aren yuel to knowe, Other a knyght fro a knaue other a *queyne* fro a queene."—Langland, *Piers Plowman* (1362), ix. 46.

QUEEN'S PEACE (6*a*). If the date of Udall's play is to be taken as 1550 then this was originally "King's peace," Elizabeth having ascended the throne 7 July, 1553. Fleay and others hold that the play was re-written from an Edward VI. interlude and revived Mar. 8, 1561.

QUI LAZARUM, see Mock Requiem.

RAMP, RAMPING, "good wenches would not so *ramp* abroad" (44*a*)—"in whisking and *ramping* abroad" (42*d*), usually to wanton, to indulge in lascivious horse-play, but probably here in a somewhat weaker sense = romping, gadding about.

RATHER, "later or *rather*" (68*c*), sooner, earlier. "Causeth the daye to be *rather* by one hower's space."—Recorde, *Cast. Knowl.* (1551), 131.

'RAY, 'RAY, "keep your *'ray*" (90*a*, &c.), array, order.

RECORDER, "then to our *recorder*" (35*c*), a kind of flute or flageolet. "The figure of *recorders*, and flutes, and pipes are straight; but the *recorder* hath a less bore and a greater; above and below."—Bacon, *Sylva* (1626), § 221.

RENNE, "your tongue can *renne on pattens*" (18*c*), to clatter, to go nineteen to the dozen: it occurs in Heywood (E.E.D.S., *Works*, II. ii. 7).

REPREEF, "not wishing your *repreef*" (106*a*), reproach, reproof.

REQUIEM, see Mock Requiem.

REVEL-ROUT, "keepeth *revel-rout*" (5*c*), revelry. "Laughing, singing, dauncing in honour of that God. After all this *reuel-rout* they demaund againe of the

Demoniake if the God be appeased."—Purchas, *Pilgrimage* (1613), 430.

RICHESSE, "*richesse* and substance" (70*b*), riches: an old form following the French.

ROIL, "ye *roil* abroad" (39*b*), to range, roam, romp about. "Were wont to rome and *roil* in clusters."—Stanihurst, *Desc. of Ireland* (1577), 21.

ROISTER DOISTER is ascribed to Nicholas Udall (q.v.) on the authority of Sir Thomas Wilson, one of Udall's scholars at Eton, who gives the "ambiguous letter" (pp. 61-3) in his *Rule of Reason* (3rd ed., 1553), introducing it as "an example of soche doubtful writing whiche by reason of poincting maie haue double sense and contrarie meaning, taken out of an entrelude made by Nicholas Udal." From this passage the authorship is inferred. Tanner, in 1748, had first referred to the passage: "in Thos. Wilson's *Logica*, p. 69, *sunt quidem versus ambigui sensus ex Comœdia quadam huius Nic. Udalli desumpti.*" The *date* of *Ralph Roister Doister* has always been a vexed question, though, on the above showing, it cannot have been written later than 1553. Some authorities hold that it was originally composed in the reign of Henry VIII. during Udall's tenure of office at Eton, between 1534 and 1541, being written for performance by his pupils. In support of this it is urged:

(*a*) that a ballad-monger, Jack Raker, who is more than once mentioned by Skelton (1460-1529), is noted as a contemporary;

(*b*) that Roister Doister's oath, "by the arms of Calais," points to the period when interest was keen in the sole remaining English *pied-à-terre* in France. Henry VIII.'s war with France commenced in 1509 and ended in 1546.

Others regard it as an Edward VI. interlude (1547-53) which was revived March 8, 1561. Yet another group of critics fix upon 1552 as the more probable date. This view is mainly based on the fact that if Thomas Wilson (already quoted), a pupil of Udall's, had seen the play at Eton the famous letter would have been quoted in the first and second editions of his *Rule of Reason* (1551 and 1552); whereas the first mention

actually occurs in the impression of 1553. Moreover, the date of 1552 is regarded as explaining Udall's appointment as Director of the Court Revels in 1553-4. Too much weight, however, cannot be placed on any of these "incidental" arguments. The tendency of "expert" criticism is towards hidebound fossilism and an accentuation of the gulf that divides Tweedledee from Tweedledum. All that is certain is that *Roister Doister* was written not prior to 1534, and not later than 1552. There are, of course, other allusions—to usury, and so forth—but they all come under the same category. The play was printed by Thomas Hackett (Professor Arber dating it "? 1566"), as appears from the Stationers' Company's Registers:—"Recevyd of Thomas hackett for hys lycense for pryntinge of a play intituled Rauf Ruyster Duster." Here again Wilson's reference seems to point to an earlier edition: Hackett's career as a printer-publisher ranges from 1560 to 1589. For long the play was regarded as lost, and Bliss in 1813 (Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*) wrote that "none of Udall's dramatic pieces are now supposed to be in existence." In 1818, however, a copy, lacking the title-page, was discovered by the Rev. T. Briggs. First privately printing a small edition, he, little knowing the full value of his gift, presented the original to Eton College, where it still remains, the flyleaf bearing the inscription: "The Gift of the Rev^{d} Tho^{s} Briggs to Eton Coll. Library, Dec^{r} 1818." It was in 1825 that John Payne Collier, working probably on Tanner's anticipation, first drew effective public attention to the appropriate nature of the gift. Since then many reprints have been made, though none have been in facsimile. The Early English Drama Society hope shortly to reproduce it in this form; for, no matter how carefully a reprint may be made, facsimile is "the only wear" for scholars; and even in this respect a careful watch must be kept on the "artist in reproduction," to see that no blurred script or text is manipulated according to his own sweet fancy; such restorations more properly should take the form of "suggestions," "emendations," and "notes," quite apart from the text.—*Variorum Readings*. "But it is no such matter" (9*c*), "the first half line is not assigned to R.R.D. in E[ton copy] and

A[rber], but it should be " (Gayley); " if ye *be* " (9*c*), Eton copy misprints *he*; " I wish ye *offend* not so " (9*d*), Eton copy places the comma after *offend*; " Hir yonder . . . *Whom* " (11*a*), so in Eton copy: Flügel writes *Who*; " Great *Guy* " (13*c*), Eton copy, *Cuy*; " remain ye awhile [*here*] " (16*b*) not in Eton copy, in which a comma is placed after *awhile*; " a curried *coat* " (21*b*), Eton copy has a comma after *coat*; " God *'ield* you, sir " (22*c*), original has *yelde*; " good-will I bear *ye* " (22*c*), original has *you*, but the rhyme needs *ye*; " *mock* much of her " (26*b*), Hazlitt has *make*; " Ah, sir! be good " (26*c*), in original these two lines are assigned to Roister; " *No is?* " (27*b*), Hazlitt has *is not*; " so much *spare* " (28*b*), Cooper (1847) has *to spare*; " *fool's* feather " (30*d*), Hazlitt has *fowl's*: there are many ambiguities; " *Omnes famuli* " (31*b*), Eton copy has *famulæ*: but the musicians are meant—cf. " his men " (31*c*); " *Cantent* " (31*d*), this song in the original appears at the end of the play: given here for convenience; " Act II. Sc. 1 " (34*c*), see " that was with us last day " (36*c*); " *Exit* " (37*b*), in original Doughty is made to go out; " our trick *ferdegews* " (40*a*), original has *ferdegews*; " *No, did* [*ye not*] " (43*b*), Eton copy, *no did*, which mars the rhyme: Flügel prints *No* and Hazlitt supplies the same reading as in present text; " water in *her* ship " (46*c*), Hazlitt reads *a* ship; " he hath in his *head* " (50*b*), original has a full point after *head*; " *mastership* . . . the *Lord* one day " (57*c*), Eton copy omits punctuation after *mastership* and *Lord*: Arber places a period after *mastership*, as also does Flügel, the latter dividing *day* and *all-to* by a " — "; " accept my *service* " (60*c*), Eton copy misprints *sernice*; " *You not to make* him answer " (60*d*), Hazlitt reads " *Why not make* him," &c.; " Nay, hold thy hands still " (69*a*), this is thus attributed in the Eton copy, though Arber, Cooper, and Hazlitt all give it to Merrygreek; " *Sweetheart and pigsny* " (79*a*), this line is omitted by Arber; " all may be in readiness " (73*a*), Hazlitt gives this line to Roister; " his *wife* espoused " (73*d*), Eton copy has comma after *wife*; " shall *suspect* in me " (75*c*), Eton copy *supect*; " fire thee out of thy house " (80*d*), Cooper and Hazlitt add " though I die " for rhyme's sake; " I *will* see " (82*a*), Williams

(*Temple Dramatists*), reads *still,* which is in fact the Eton version; "to *set* into this place" (84*b*), Hazlitt reads *fet*; "torn in pieces and *flain*" (85*d*), Hazlitt reads *slain*; "Much things ye spake . . . mockage" (87*d* and 88*a*), the speakers of these two lines are reversed in the Eton copy: obviously a mistake; "Yea, levy the camp" (95*c*), this line in the Eton copy is given by mistake to Roister, and the next two lines, now rightly attributed to Roister, are to Trusty; "What say'st *thou*" (97*b*), the Eton copy reads *you*: Gayley has [*th*]*ou*: Williams *you*: and Hazlitt *thou*; "*Exeant Roister and his friends*" (100*a*), in Eton copy *Exeant om.*; "*Exeat Trusty*" (100*c*), this in Eton copy is given at the end of the previous line; "for deed and thought!" (104*b*), in Eton copy and Arber "?" for the "!"; "*and here were* [*ye*] *wished*" (105*a*), in Eton copy *here were ye wished to have*: Flügel has *and here were* [*y*^{at}] *wished* [*ye*] *to have*: Hazlitt as in present text; "would I not be" (107*d*), in Eton copy an interrogation mark; "*maintain* him all we can" (108*a*), in Eton copy *maintaine.*

ROME, "better *go to Rome,* on my head" (37*c*), proverbial phrases in allusion to the pilgrimage to Rome were plenty: cf. "to *go to Rome* with a mortar on one's head," "to *ride to Rome* on my thumb," &c.

ROUNDING, "with whom is he now so sadly *rounding*" (26*a*), whispering. "They're here with me already; whisp'ring, *rounding*; Sicilia is a so-forth."—Shakspeare, *Winter's Tale* (1604), i. 2.

ROUSE, "praise and *rouse* him well" (6*c*), command, extol, excite by flattery.

ROUT, "they dare not *rout*" (90*b*), to assemble in noisy or tumultuous crowds. "The meaner sort *routed* together, and . . . slew him."—Bacon, *Henry VII.* (1623), p. 68.

RUTH, "to me is *ruth*" (100*d*), pity, compassion, sorrow, misery.

ST. GEORGE, (*a*) "Saint George to *borrow*" (94*a*), *i.e.* as a pledge, security: this substantive use of *borrow* is not uncommon. "Beggars borowen euer, and their *borow* is God Almighty. . . . I dare be his bold *borow,* that

do bet wil he neuer."—*Piers Plowman* (1363), fol. 37*b* and 47*b*. (*b*) "As *bright as Saint George*" (76*b*), see next two lines and cf. Plautus, *Miles Gl.*, I. i. 1 *et seq.*

SADLY, "so *sadly* rounding yond," earnestly, seriously, gravely (whispering yonder). "She is never *sad* but when she sleeps."—Shakspeare, *Much Ado* (1600), ii. 1. Hence *sadness* (54*d*) = earnestness.

SAUCE, "Sir *Sauce*" (57*d*), "Mr. Impudence," an impertinent: cf. "Jack Sauce," "saucebones," "sauce-box," &c.

'SCAPETH, "he hardly *'scapeth*" (14*b*), escapeth.

SCRINE, "with a *scrine*" (93*c*), chest, box, case: properly any depository for documents. "Lay forth, out of thine everlasting *scrine*, The antique rolls."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), I. (Introd.).

SCUSE, "a bad *scuse*" (103*c*), excuse.

SECTOR, "thou shalt be my *sèctor*" (54*a*), executor.

SEEK, (*a*) "I *seek* to one Mistress Custance" (38*c*)—"*seek* no more to me" (64*a*)—"did unto me *seek*" (85*d*), resort, have recourse or apply to. "It was your delight To *seek* to me with more obsequiousness Than I desired."—Massinger, *Picture* (1630), i. 2. (*b*) "Of a chief thing I am to *seek*" (93*b*), *i.e.* deficient, at a loss. "Unpractised, unprepared, and still to *seek*."—Milton, *Paradise Lost* (1667), viii. 197.

SENS, "not brought him *sens*" (67*d*), since, already.

SHENT (9*d*; 19*b*; &c.), chidden, blamed: *ill-shent* (45*d*), badly, put about, troubled, disgraced, punished.

SHOKE, "ne'er so *shoke* up" (36*c*), rebuked, chided. "*Shoke* him *up*, as if your wrath were hard to be reflected."—Chapman, *All Fools* (1605).

SHOOT-ANCHOR, "my chief *shoot-anchor*" (5*d*), last resource. "His ointment is even *shot-anchor*."—Heywood, *Four P.P., Works* (E.E.D.S.) I., 46*d*.

SILLY, "poor *silly* widows" (81*b*), harmless, simple, timid.

SINK, see Swim.

SIRRAH (18*b*), Tib is addressing the old nurse: *sirrah* and

sir were however not infrequently used of both sexes. "Ah, *syr* [Grymball to his mistress], you woulde belike let my cocke-sparrowes go."—Whetstone, *Promos and Cass.* (1578).

SKILL, "I cannot *skill*" (38*a*), understand: *can*=know, as in "She *could* the Bible in the holy tongue" (Jonson, *Magn. Lady*, i. 1).

SKIMMER, "I with our *skimmer*" (83*c*), ladle.

SLEE, "*slee* her other husband" (99*b*), slew.

SLEEVE, "*hang on* [*his*] *sleeve*" (5*c*), be dependent. "Flattering knaves and flearing queans being the mark, *Hang on his sleeve.*"—Heywood, *Proverbs* (E.E.D.S.), *Works* II., ii. 5.

SOOTH, "*sooth* Roister Doister in that he doth say" (5*d*), assent to, confirm, humour: especially by flattery. "Is't good to *soothe* him in these contraries?"—Shakspeare, *Comedy of Errors* (1593), iv. 4.

SORE, "a sore man" (29*d*). "*Grand abbateur de bois.* A *sore fellow*, horrible swaggerer, terrible Bugbear; one that overthrows all he meets with" (ironically).—Cotgrave, *Dict.* (1611).

SORRY, "the *sorry* man" (4*d*), melancholy, dismal, sad. "The place of death and *sorry* execution."—Shakspeare, *Comedy of Errors* (1593), v.

SORT (*passim*), company.

SOUND, "out of your *sound*" (56*a*), swoon.

SPACE, "in *space* cometh grace" (56*c*), time, a while: in Heywood (*Prov.* I. iv. 17). "After some small *space* he sent me hither."—Shakspeare, *As You Like It* (1600), iv.

SPOUSE, "my dear *spouse*" (33*d*), affianced. Compare Gawin Goodluck's use of "wife" when speaking of his betrothed (75*d*), and Roister's similar address to Custance (77*a*).

STALE, "good *stale* ale" (17*b*), old: not new. "Crystal pure and *stale.*"—Fulwell, *Like Will to Like* (E.E.D.S.), 25*b* and 66*a*.

STANDETH, "the matter *standeth* upon your marriage" (56*c*), concerns, has to do with. "Consider how it

stands upon my credit."—Shakspeare, *Comedy of Errors* (1593), iv. 1.

STARK, "it will be *stark* night" (17*b*), full, entire, perfect, absolute. "Consider the *stark* security The commonwealth is in now."—Ben Jonson, *Catiline* (1611), i. 1.

START, "he *start* out" (29*b*), came out, started.

STICK, "I will not *stick* for a koss" (23*c*), hesitate at, be scrupulous about. "I will not *stick* for that, by giss."—Preston, *Cambyses* (E.E.D.S.).

STOMACH (90*c* to 91*a*), courage *v.* appetite: note the play on meanings throughout these lines. "He who hath no *stomach* to this fight, Let him depart."—Shakspeare, *Henry V.* (1599), iv. 3.

STOMACHED, "where ye half *stomached*" (77*b*), was inclined to, liked.

STOP, "one *stop* more" (20*c*), hindrance: the "business" of the song on the part of these merry maids seems to have been somewhat of the teasing order.

STOUND, "it needeth not that *stound*" (67*d*), blow, setback. "This the sword which wrought those cruell *stounds*."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596), V. iii. 22.

STRANGE, "and *made strange*" (108*c*), appeared shocked, acted as if something extraordinary had happened, made scruple. "She *makes it strange*, but she would be best pleas'd To be so anger'd with another letter."—Shakspeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (1595), i. 2.

SWAP, "sweep him with one *swap*" (83*c*), swoop, blow, stroke; still colloquial.

SWIM, (*a*) *swim or sink* (21*a*), proverbial; take it or leave it. "Choose you, *sink or swim*."—*Jacob and Esau* (E.E.D.S.), *Anon. Plays*, 2nd Ser., 35*d*. (*b*) "Ye shall see her glide and *swim*" (40*b*), move with a smooth motion." "With pretty and with *swimming* gait."—Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (1592), ii. 1.

SWINGED, "I will rather have my coat . . . *swinged*" (43*d*), beaten, thrashed. "O, the passion of God! so I shalbe *swinged*."—*Marriage of Witt and Wisdome*, 1579.

TAKE, " I have *take* my leave " (8*c*), taken.

TALL, " hardy man and a *tall* " (99*d*), fine, brave, excellent: frequent in Middle and Elizabethan English. " One of the *tallest* young men."—*Paston Letters* (1448), 224.

TARDY, " we are taken *tardy* " (97*a*), unexpectedly, unawares, " napping." " We are taken *tardy*."—Lyly, *Mother Bombie* (1594), ii. 4. 1.

TENDRETH, " whom he *tendreth* no less than his life " (74*a*), cherishes, regards, holds dear. " Which name I *tender* as dearly as my own."—Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), iii. 1.

TENTH WORTHY, " it is the *tenth worthy* " (13*d*), properly nine worthies or famous personages: three Jews—Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus; three Gentiles—Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; and three Christians—Arthur of Britain, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon. Here Merrygreek ridicules Roister by mock-heroics, pretending he is worthy to be classed with the classical nine: cf. Massinger's " fourth fury " (*Duke of Milan*, v. 2).

THANK, (*a*) " I can thee *thank* " (14*c*), *i.e.* am able to thank you: a popular colloquialism of the day—see previous volumes of this series and Skill, *supra*. (*b*) " I will none of his *thank* " (37*c*), now exclusively in the plural.

THINK LONG, " she doth now . . . *think long* " (74*a*), *long* for, expect with impatience. " *Long she thinks* till he return again."—Shakspeare, *Rape of Lucrece* (1594), 1,359.

THIRD CATO (14*a*), a mock heroic description: see Tenth worthy.

THUMB, " each finger is a *thumb* to-day " (20*d*), an excuse for awkwardness: still colloquial.

TITIVILE, " Tom Titivile " (5*c*). In English the *History of the Devil* has yet to be written. Flügel says " Tuteville " was originally the name of a devil in the French Mystery Plays (cf. Mone, *Schauspiele des Mittelalters*, 2. 27); from the French Mystery Play the name was introduced into the Mysteries of Germany, England, and Holland. His diabolical occupa-

tion is thus defined in the *Myroure of oure Ladye* (1 ch. 20; cf. Blunt's note, 342; as well as Skeat's to *Pierce Plowm.*, C. xiv. 123): "I am a poure dyuel and my name is Tytyuyllus. . . I muste eche day . . . brynge my master a thousande pokes [bags] full of faylynges, & of neglygences in syllables and wordes that are done in youre order in redynge and in syngynge, & else I must be sore beten."

TOOK, "who *took* thee this letter"; "a . . . bachelor *took* it me" (33*b*), gave. "*Take* him a gray courser." —*Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode.*

TREY-ACE, "ere ye can say *trey-ace*" (58*c*), dicing: *i.e.* three and one.

TRICK, "our *trick* ferdegews" (40*a*), trig, neat, spruce: the usage dates from the eleventh century.

TRILL, see Bery.

TRIM, "I will him *trim*" (108*a*), chide, scold, upbraid: Tyndale (*Works*, ii. 313) records that the priests propose "to *trim* Queen Katherine."

TROT, "the devil cannot make the *old trot* hold her tongue" (19*c*), generic for an old woman. "Why give her gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, aglet baby, or an *old trot* with ne'er a tooth in her head."—Shakspeare, *Taming of the Shrew* (1593), i. 5.

TRY, "that shall we *try*" (20*c*), prove. "Thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obstinacy and persistency; let the end *try* the man."—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.* (1598), ii. 2.

TUT, see Whistle.

TWAY, "a message or *tway*" (74*a*), two.

UDALL (NICHOLAS). Nicholas Udall (Uredale or Woodall), who is now generally accepted as the author of *Ralph Roister Doister* (q.v.), was a man of many parts in his time—public scholar, University man, heretic, recanter, Latin versifier, dictionary maker, potential monk, schoolmaster, suspect, Marshalsea man, theological translator and author, prebend, playwright, and Director of the Revels. He was descended from an old Hampshire family settled at Wickham. One

of his ancestors was a Constable of Winchester and a patron of William of Wykeham, the bishop-founder of Winchester School and of New College, Oxford. Born probably in 1505, though some say 1504 or 1506, he was elected a scholar of Winchester College in 1517 (*N.D.B.*). In 1520, when fourteen years of age, he proceeded to Oxford to Corpus Christi College, then a recent foundation of Bishop Fox's of Winchester. He took his bachelor's degree in 1524 (Wood, *Fasti*), and became probationer-fellow. Ten years elapsed, for reasons which will appear, before he took his M.A. degree. Oxford in the early sixteenth century was as susceptible to the mental ferment of new ideas and unorthodox influences as she has since proved herself to be, over and over again. At the time when young Udall went to his Alma Mater the memory and teaching of Colet, More, and Erasmus were still vivid; the influence of Erasmus through his writings was on the increase. Fired with the enthusiasm of youth, he with others of like mind and tastes entered with avidity on a study of Holy Writ. It was no wonder that in such soil the new Lutheran doctrines found congenial nurture and ready acceptance; nor is it surprising that in 1521 (Ellis, *Orig. Letters,* I. i. 239) we find Warham complaining to Cardinal Wolsey of the "heretical perversities" of the Oxford men. Six years later he was arrested, by order of my lord cardinal, for having in his possession Tyndale's translation of the New Testament (published in 1525) and sundry tracts written by Luther, who was then under papal ban. Notwithstanding Udall's reputation of being one of the earliest adherents of the reformed faith, his Protestantism does not seem then, or afterwards, to have been very deeply rooted. On this occasion he preferred his skin to his opinions, and seems to have saved his life by public recantation. Later in life, too, when a Catholic revival occurred under Queen Mary, he was so circumspect that he retained the royal favour: moreover, he does not seem to have had any relations with the exiled reformers. It was probably on account of his known sympathy with Lutheran doctrines that he was debarred from taking his M.A. degree until 1534, in which year he also became Headmaster of Eton College. At that time

Wolsey had fallen from power, and the King had also definitely declared open conflict with, and antagonism to, Rome by the "Act of Supremacy" passed in that year. In the course of his college career Udall had made fast friends with John Leland the antiquary, who, taking his degree in 1522 at Cambridge, continued his studies at the sister university. Leland got into difficulties and Udall came to his assistance, lending him money (*Ep. de lib. Nic. Odoualli*): indeed, Leland's poems contain many references to the friendship existing between the two young men. They collaborated in the authorship of verses for a pageant at the Coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn (1533), and from other verses written by Leland we learn that Udall commenced his career as a tutor in the north of England. He could not, however, have remained there long, for in 1534 he was in London, in the exercise of his profession. Whether, as some think, his thoughts were turned towards monasticism or not, he, in February, 1534, dated and dedicated the preface of a Latin phrase-book—*Flowers for Latin Speaking*—to his own pupils from the Augustinian monastery in London. Thence, in the same year—the year, as already stated, in which to took his degree—he was translated to Eton as Headmaster (*Magister Informator*)—to "that roume which I was never desirous to obtain." Udall remained at Eton for nearly eight years, until 1541, in which year he was superseded in consequence of the discovery of grave abuses, of which more presently. Several references to Udall's rule at Eton are extant. One especially is noteworthy, though it is difficult at this time of day to hold the mirror to justly balanced criticism between Tom Tusser (of *Husbandry* fame) and his Magister. Tusser allows of no uncertainty as to *his* opinion of Udall's discipline—the lines are often quoted:

> "From Paules I went to Eaton sent
> To learn streight waies, the latin phraies,
> When fiftie three stripes giuen to mee
> At once I had:
>
> "For fault but small, or none at all,
> It came to pas, thus beat I was,

See Udall see, the mercie of thee,
To me poore lad."

It was in 1541 that Udall fell into disgrace. Grave abuses, if nothing worse, were found to have attended his administration. At the same time some of the College Chapel plate—silver images and the like—disappeared. Two of the scholars and a servant of Udall's confessed the theft, and from the judicial inquiry into these and other charges it would seem that Udall was suspected of connivance. Professor Morley assigns Udall's Lutheran tendencies as the keynote to the theological hatred underlying these and other "infamous" imputations levelled at Udall. The curious feature of the case is that Udall confessed to these charges in part—the less heinous judicially—and the price of his wrongdoing was committal to the prison of the Marshalsea, and deprivation of his office as Headmaster of Eton. Court influence, however, soon secured his release, all arrears of salary being paid by the College bursar. If we may accept Udall's own words as indicative of the chastening influence of the discipline he had undergone, the lesson, a severe one though it was, had been effectual. He wrote to the patron who had brought about his release: "Accepte this myn honest chaunge from vice to virtue, from prodigalitee to frugall livyng, from negligence of teachyng to assiduitee, from playe to studie, from lightness to gravitee." He speaks about his "offenses," does not wish to excuse himself, but says "humana quidem esse, et emendari posse." He begs for a chance to show his "emendyng and reformacon," and quotes instances from ancient history of great men who had indulged in a "veray riottous and dissolute sorte of livyng" in their youth, had been "drowned in voluptuousness" and had lived in "slaundre and infamie," but had reformed. Not a word is said about thefts, "robberies," and such "felonious trespasses." (Cf. the whole letter from a new collation in Flügel's *Lesebuch*, 1. 351.) We next hear of Udall (1542) as the bearer of letters to the Bishop of Carlisle from the Lord of the Privy Seal, showing that he was in favour at Court. In 1542 also appeared his part translation of Erasmus's

Apophthegms. Thenceforth, until 1548, he was chiefly engaged, with the Princess Mary as *collaborateur*, on the English translation of Erasmus's *Paraphrase of the New Testament.* At this time he must have come in frequent contact with John Heywood; but the sympathies and leanings of the two men were not such as to lead to closer intimacy than subsequently their mutual connection with the Revels necessitated. Since 1537 he had been vicar of Braintree in Essex, a benefice which he resigned in 1544; his literary labours, combined with his active duties as a licensed preacher, probably influenced him in his resignation. This close association of Udall with the Court led to many signs of royal favour. King Edward VI. appointed him Canon of Windsor in 1551, and also in 1553 rector of Calborne in the Isle of Wight. When the Princess Mary came to the throne Udall was in such esteem with his former co-worker that, notwithstanding his heretical leanings, he was retained in favour, a special warrant being issued (1554) in which he was made Director of the Court Revels, and set to provide "regell disporte and recreacion," having shown "at soondrie seasons . . . diligence" in arranging "Dialogues and Enterludes." In the *Losely Manuscripts* we find (p. 90) a memorandum of some of the "plays" provided at these Christmas revels:—"A mask of patrons of gallies like Venetian senators, with galley-slaves for their torche-bearers; a mask of 6 Venuses or amorous ladies with 6 Cupids and 6 torche-bearers to them," and certain "plaies made by Nicholas Udall"; and some "Turkes archers," "Turkes magistrates," "Turkie women," and "6 lions' hedds of paste and cement." Udall did not live very long after this to enjoy the sunshine of royal favour, nor do we know whether it survived the pageants of Christmas, 1554, before Mary and Philip. In 1555 he succeeded Nowell as Master of Westminster School, but the re-opening of the old monastery in November of the following year (1556) rendered his services superfluous. A month later he was dead, being buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, two days before Christmas Day. —*Lost Plays and other Writings.* Besides *Roister Doister* (q.v.) Udall wrote "comœdias plures" (Bale, *Catalogus*, 1548). The warrant of 1554 likewise

makes mention, as already stated, of "Dialogues and Enterludes." What these were is absolutely unknown save in two instances. In Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, 3. 177, it is recorded that "this day (Aug. 8) was nothing done publique, save that at 9 of the clocke at night an English play called *Ezekias*, made by Mr. Udall and handled by King's College men only," was performed before Elizabeth at Cambridge. That is all we know about *Ezechias*. There is no record in King's College. The present Master has made search for me, and he writes: "I do not know of any new discoveries as to Udall's *Ezechias*: there is no record in College. I have looked at the *Mundum Book* for 1564. There are about three pages of expenses connected with the Queen's visit; chiefly payments to workmen for so many days at so much a day; timber, rushes, lime, gravel, &c. I could only find one entry specifically relating to the plays: viz.:—

> *Item* sol m^{r} Thome Browne for expenses about the playes as appereth by his byll vi^{li} xiii^{s} iiii^{d} *ob*

The next entry is

> *Item* sol to the drūmer and flute iiii^{s}"

Another play, *Papatus*, is mentioned by Tanner, *Bibl. Brit.* p. 732—"a tragedy *de papatu*"—as amongst the writings of Nicholas Udall, but whether in Latin or English is not stated. It was written about 1540. *The Scheme for an Interlude* attributed by Hazlitt (*Handbook*, p. 622) to Udall is doubtful: it occurs on p. 64 of the *Losely Manuscripts* (edited by A. J. Kempe) and is No. 32. Certainly it follows immediately after the warrant of Queen Mary to the Master and Yeoman of the Revels of Dec., 1554 (No. 31), but there is no note as to what the Interlude was, or who was the author. If a guess were to be made, Heywood would be more likely than Udall: even that would be hazardous, although on page 89 of the same collection are to be found accounts for "furnishing a play on the state of Ireland, and another of Children, by Heywood." As, however, the "scheme" is worth permanent record it may not be out of place to transcribe it word for word in this place:—

Plot or Scheme of an Interlude endorsed "Concerning an Enterlude" (in 3 cols.):

(*a*) a Knighte in harnes Knyghthode.
a Judge . . . . Justice with mercie.
a Precher . . . . Religion with Godde's worde.
a Scoller . . . . Science with reson.
a Serving Man . . Service with Affexion.
. . . . . Labor with diligence.

(*b*) A woman with two faces and in each hand a glasse.
A woman with a paire of ballance.
A woman with a bible in her hands.
Labor, a woman with many hands.

(*c*)
Pride . . . . . a Pope.
Wrath . . . . . a Bishop.
Envie . . . . . a Fryer.
Covetise . . . . . a Person.
Glotonye . . . . . a sole Prieste.
Lecherye . . . . . a Monk.
Slothe . . . . . a Hermit.

UNDERTAKE, "if all the world for her would *undertake*" (91*d*), intercede.

UNNETH, "I shall *unneth* hold them" (67*d*), scarcely, with difficulty.

USE, "I *use* not to kiss men" (23*a* and *b*), accustom, habituate, comport, demean. "He that intends to gain th' Olympick prize, Must *use* himself to hunger, heat, and cold."—Roscommon (*Ency. Dict.*).

USURERS, "where other *usurers* take their gains yearly." "This man is angry, but he have his by and by" (110*a*), this allusion to the Usury Statutes is not (says Prof. Flugël, discussing the date of the play in Gayley's *Representative Comedies* [Macmillan], p. 96) to a date later than the repeal, in 1552, of 37 Henry VIII., c. 9, but to a *period between* 1545 *and* 1552. In Act V., Scene vi., [109*c* to 110*a*], Custance blames Roister humorously, *not* for taking interest at all, but for taking *too much* (fifteen to one!), and for taking it *right away* instead of waiting until the year was up.

The passage, therefore, does not refer to the law passed 5 and 6 Edward VI., c. 20 (1552), which repeals 37 Henry VIII., c. 9, and orders that "no person shall lend or forbear any sum of money for any maner of Usury or Increase to be received or hoped for above the Sum lent, upon pain to forfeit the Sum lent, and the Increase, [with] Imprisonment, and Fine at the king's pleasure." The passage refers to 37 Henry VIII., c. 20 (1545), to a law which allows ten per cent. interest: "The sum of ten pound in the hundred, and so after that rate and *not above*," and which forbids the lender "to receive, accept or take in Lucre or Gain for the forbearing or giving Day of Payment *of one whole year* of and for his or their money," for any other "Period" but the year, not "for a longer or shorter time."

VARIORUM READINGS, see Roister Doister.

'VISE, "I *'vise* ye" (26*c*), advise.

WAG-PASTY, "a little *wag-pasty*" (46*b*), scapegrace, jackanapes, tom-tit of a fellow: a generic reproach, half-playful, half-contemptuous. "This *wage-pasty* is either drunken or mad."—*Jack Juggler* (E.E.D.S.), *Anon. Plays*, 3 Ser., 28*a*).

WARM, "keep him *warm*" (50*a*), cf. *Much Ado*, I. i. 56: "Wit enough to keep himself *warm*"; Chapman, *Wid. Tears* (ed. Pearson, p. 17): "Has thy wits fine engine taken cold?"—Middleton, *Roaring Girl*, III. ii. 43. (Williams.)

WARRANTISE, "I cannot . . . make to you such *warrantise*" (91*b*), warrant, guarantee.

WEALTH, "for his master's *wealth*" (3*c* and 73*c*), welfare.

WEEK, "*in by the week*" (7*c*), cf. "He is taken, he is in the snare; he is in for a bird, he is *in by the week*."—Shakspeare, *Love's Lab. Lost* (1594), v. 2. 61.

WHAN, "nay *whan*" (57*b*), when.

WHIPPET, "now *whippet apace*" (20*d*), to jump or frisk about, move quickly. "With *whippet* awhile, little

pretty one."—*Pride, &c., of Women* (Hazlitt, E.P.P., iv. 234).

WHIRL, " your spindle and your *whirl* " (17*d*), a small perforated disk forming a rude fly-wheel, formerly fixed on the spindle to maintain its rotatory motion before the introduction of the spinning wheel (*Ency. Dict.*).

WHISTLE, " tut, a *whistle* " (26*d*), a warning to silence; Pooh! Nonsense! " Tut, a fig's end."—*Warning for Fair Women*, 438. " Set not by us a *whistle*."—Skelton, *Colin Clout*, 1187.

WHITE, " *white* Mistress Custance " (79*c*), fair : an appreciation : cf. White son.

WHITE BREAD, " good ale and *white bread* " (17*b*), *i.e.* uncommon fare, or wheat-bread for that made of a mixture of wheat and rye-flour. The value of rye is about two-thirds that of wheat; its nutritious properties are to those of wheat as about 64 to 71.

WHITE SON (6*c*), an endearment; see other volumes of this series.

WHOM, " Merrygreek, *Whom* " (11*a*), so in original.

WHORESON, " *whoresons*, down to the ground " (30*c*), a term of reproach.

WHUR, " for whip and *whur* . . . never made good fur " (17*d*), hurry. " *Whirring* me from my friends."—Shakspeare, *Pericles* (1609), iv. 1. 21. See Whirl.

WIDE, " I tell thee thou art *wide* " (27*a*), mistaken, far from the mark.

WIFE, " dame Christian Custance, his *wife* " (73*d* and 77*a*), cf. *spouse* (33*d*); also *wife* (75*d* and 77*a*); *brother* (68*d*); *cousin* (68*d*).

WIPE, " *wipe* all clean " (22*c*), a common phrase (says one) in connection with kissing: cf. Chaucer, *Cant. Tales, Reeve's Tale*, A. 3730—" This Absolon gan *wipe* his mouth full drie . . . with his mouth he kist her."

WORLD, "*let the world pass*" (52*d*), a mediæval forerunner of the American "Let her rip," *i.e.* "Come what, come will." Early variants are many: see *Towneley Myst.*, 101. "Let the world *wag.*"—*Trial of Treasure* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 3 S., 214*d*). "Let the wide world *wind.*"—*Four Elements* (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl.*, 1 S., 16*a*). "Let the world *slide.*"—Shakspeare, *Taming of Shrew.*

WORM, "as loving a *worm*" (48*b*), the expression was common enough, but why is not so apparent: cf. Lyly, *Campaspe*, v. 4 ("two loving *worms*"); and Robinson, *Pleas. Del.* (Arber), 37 ("ye loving *worms*").

WORTHY, see Tenth worthy.

WRONG, "he *wrong* a club out of the hand" (29*d*), wrung: see Belzabub.

ZEE (29*b*), see: dialectical.

ZEMBLETEE, "by *zembletee*" (29*d*), "by the holy blood!" (Flügel); "quasi semblety, semblance" (Hazlitt).

ZO (29*b*), so: dialectical.

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